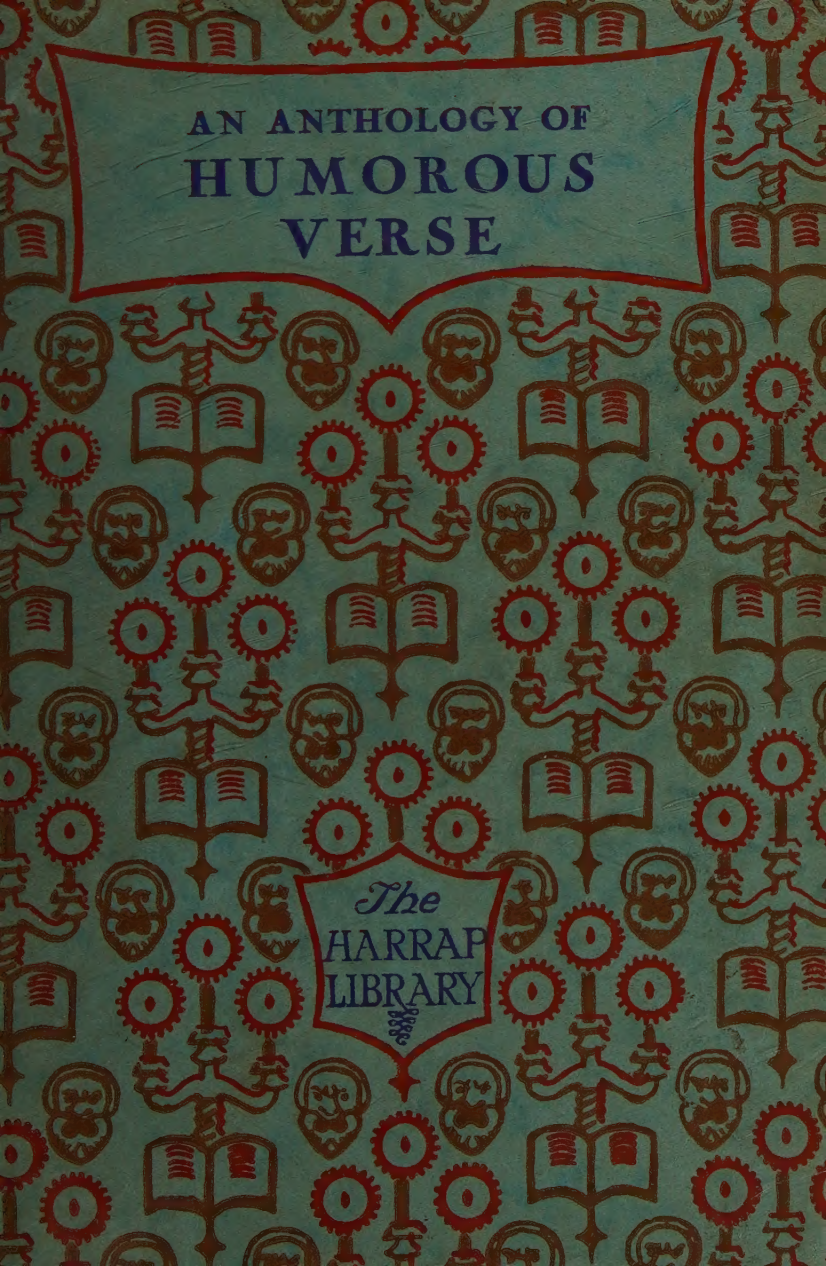
AN ANTHOLOGY OF HUMOROUS VERSE



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A Good Story
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AN ANTHOLOGY OF HUMOROUS VERSE

HERRICK TO OWEN SEAMAN

Selected by HELEN & LEWIS MELVILLE



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NOTE BY THE COMPILERS

IN presenting this volume, the compilers wish to state that they do not put it forward as a collection of masterpieces of humorous verse. Many masterpieces are included, but the object of the compilers has been not only to bring together the best humorous verse in the language between Robert Herrick and Owen Seaman, but also to give representative specimens of the work of these writers whose efforts were acclaimed as successful by their contemporaries.

The absence of one or two modern writers is due to their works not being available; but most authors and publishers, with generous courtesy, have permitted the insertion of such copyright poems as were desired. The compilers desire gratefully to acknowledge their indebtedness to—

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SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK, BART., and MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co., LTD., for Sir Frederick Pollock's "Lines on the Death of a College Cat," from "Leading Cases done into English, and Other Diversions";

SIR OWEN SEAMAN for "To Emmeline" from the volume entitled "Salvage";

MR. A. A. SYKES and the PROPRIETORS OF "PUNCH" for Mr. Sykes' verses, "The Splendid Bankrupt";

MRS. ST. JOHN HANKIN, MESSRS. CONSTABLE & Co., and the PROPRIETORS of "PUNCH," for the late St. John Hankin's verses, "De Gustibus";

MESSRS. GEORGE BELL & SONS for the late C. S. Calverley's "Ode to Tobacco," "Beer," "Ode—'On a Distant Prospect' of making a Fortune," and "Striking," from "Verses and Translations";

MESSRS. BOWES & BOWES for the late J. K. Stephen's verses, "A Political Allegory," from the volume entitled "Lapsus Calami, and other Verses";

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS, for the late Henry S. Leigh's "The Moonlight Sonata," from the volume entitled "Carols of Cockayne."

HELEN MELVILLE
AND
LEWIS MELVILLE

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INTRODUCTORY

OF WIT

Tell me, O tell, what kind of thing is *Wit*,
Thou who *Master* art of it.
For the *First matter* loves *Variety* less;
Less *Women* love't, either in *Love* or *Dress*.
A thousand different shapes it bears,
Comely in thousand shapes appears.
Yonder we saw it plain; and here 'tis now
Like *Spirits* in *a Place*, we know not *How*.

London that vents of *false Ware* so much store,
In no *Ware* deceives no more.
For men led by the *Colour*, and the *Shape*,
Like *Zeuxes* Birds fly to the painted *Grape*;
Some things do through our Judgement pass
As though a *Multiplying Glass*.
And sometimes, if the *Object* be too far,
We take a *Falling Meteor* for a *Star*.

Hence 'tis a *Wit* that greatest *word* of *Fame*
Grows such a common name.
And *Wits* by our *Creation* they become,
Just so, as *Tit'lar Bishops* made at *Rome*.
'Tis not a *Tale*, 'tis not a *Jest*
Admir'd with *laughter* at a feast,
Nor florid *Talk* which can that *Title* gain;
The *Proofs* of *Wit* for ever must remain.

'Tis not to force some lifeless *Verses* meet
With their five gowty feet.
All ev'ry where, like *Man's*, must be the *Soul*,
And *Reason* the *Inferior Powers* controul.
Such were the *Numbers* which could call
The *Stones* into the *Theban* wall.

Such *Miracles* are ceast; and now we see
No *Towns* or *Houses* rais'd by *Poetrie.*

Yet 'tis not to adorn, and gild each part;
That shows more *Cost,* then *Art.*
Jewels at *Nose* and *Lips* but ill appear;
Rather than *all things Wit,* let *none* be there.
Several *Lights* will not be seen,
If there be nothing else between.
Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' th' skie,
If those be *Stars* which paint the *Galaxie.*

'Tis not when two like words make up one noise;
Jests for *Dutch Men,* and *English Boys.*
In which who finds out *Wit,* the same may see
In *An'grams* and *Acrostiques Poetrie.*
Much less can that have any place
At which a *Virgin* hides her face,
Such *Dress* the *Fire* must purge away; 'tis just
The *Author blush,* there where the *Reader* must.

'Tis not such *Lines* as almost crack the *Stage*
When *Bajazet* begins to rage.
Now a tall metaphor in the *Bombast way,*
Now the dry chips of short-lung'd *Seneca.*
Nor upon all things to obtrude,
And force some odd *Similitude.*
What is it then, which like the *Power Divine*
We only can by *Negatives* define?

In a true piece of Wit all things must be,
Yet all things there *agree,*
As in the *Ark,* joyn'd without force or strife,
All *Creatures* dwelt; all *Creatures* that had *Life:*
Or as the *Primitive Forms* of all
(If we compare great things with small,
Which without *Discord* and *Confusion* lie,
In that Strange *Mirror* of the *Deitie.*

But *Love* that moulds *One Man* up out of *Two*,
Makes me forget and injure you.
I took *you* for *my self* sure when I thought
That you in anything were to be *Taught*,
Correct my error with thy Pen;
And if any ask me then,
What right *Wit*, and height of *Genius* is,
I'll only shew your Lines, and say *'Tis This*.

ABRAHAM COWLEY





AN ANTHOLOGY OF HUMOROUS VERSE



THE INVITATION

To sup with thee thou didst me home invite;
And made a promise that mine appetite
Sho'd meet and tire, on such lautitious meat,
The like not *Heliogabalus* did eat:
And richer Wine wo'dst give to me (thy guest)
That Roman Sylla pour'd out at his feast.
I came; (tis true) and lookt for Fowle of price,
The bastard *Phenix;* bird of *Paradise;*
And for no less than Aromatick Wine
Of *Maydens-blush,* commixt with *Jessimine.*
Clean was the herth, the mantle larded jet;
Which wanting *Lar,* and smoke, hung weeping wet;
At last, i' th' noone of winter, did appeare
A ragd-soust-neats-foot with sick vineger:
And in a burnisht Flagonet stood by
Beere small as Comfort, dead as Charity.
At which amaz'd, and pondring on the food,
How cold it was, and how it chill my blood;
I curst the master; and I damn'd the source;
And swore I'd got the ague of the house.
Well, when to eat thou dost me next desire,
I'le bring a Fever; since thou keep'st no fire.

ROBERT HERRICK



A TERNARIE OF LITTLES, UPON A PIPKIN OF JELLIE SENT TO A LADY

A LITTLE Saint best fits a little Shrine,
A little Prop best fits a little Vine,
As my small Cruse best fits my little Wine.

A little Seed best fits a little Soyle,
A little Trade best fits a little Toyle:
As my small Jarre, best fits my little Oyle.

A little Bin best fits a little Bread,
A little Garland fits a little Head:
As my small stuffe best fits my little Shed.

A little Hearth best fits a little Fire,
A little Chappell fits a little Quire,
As my small Bell best fits my little Spire.

A little Streame best fits a little Boat;
A little lead best fits a little Float;
As my small Pipe best fits my little Note.

A little meat best fills a little bellie,
As sweetly, Lady, give me leave to tell ye,
This little pipkin fits this little Jellie.

ROBERT HERRICK

THE REMONSTRANCE

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prythee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her
Looking ill prevail?
Prythee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prythee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prythee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her;—
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
The Devil take her.

Sir John Suckling

THE CONSTANT LOVER

Out upon it, I have lov'd
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me;
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen in her place.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

TO A BAD POET

GREAT famous wit! whose rich and easy vein,
Free, and unus'd to drudgery and pain,
Has all Apollo's treasure at command,
And how good verse is coin'd dost understand,
In all Wit's combats master of defence,
Tell me, how dost thou pass on rhyme and sense?
'Tis said they apply to thee, and in thy verse
Do freely range themselves as volunteers,
And without pain, or pumping for a word,
Place themselves fitly of their own accord,
I, whom a lewd caprice (for some great crime
I have committed) has condemn'd to rhyme,
With slavish obstinacy vex my brain.
To reconcile them, but, alas! in vain,
Sometimes I set my brains upon the rack,
And, when I would say white, the verse says black;
When I would draw a brave man to the life,
It names some slave that pimps to his own wife,
Or base poltroon, that would have sold his daughter,
If he had met with any to have bought her.

When I would praise an author, the untoward
Damn'd sense says Virgil, but the rhyme [says Howard*];
In fine, whate'er I strive to bring about,
The contrary (spite of my heat) comes out.
Sometimes, enrag'd for time and pains misspent,
I give it over, tir'd and discontent,
And, damning the dull fiend a thousand times
By whom I was possess'd, forswear all rhymes;
But, having curs'd the Muses, they appear,
To be reveng'd for't, ere I am aware.
Spite of myself, I strait take fire again,
And, breaking all the oaths I made, in vain
From verse to verse expect their aid again.
But, if my muse or I were so discreet
T'endure, for rhyme's sake, one dull epithet,
I might, like others, easily command
Words without study, ready and at hand.
In praising Chloris, moons, and stars, and skies,
Are quickly made to match her face and eyes—
And gold and rubies, with as little care,
To get the colour of herlips and hair;
And, mixing suns, and flowers, and pearls, and stones,
Make them serve all complexions at once.
Were these fine fancies, at hap-hazard writ,
I could make verses without art or wit,
And, shifting forty times the verb and noun,
With stolen impertinence patch up mine own:
But in the choice of words my scrupulous wit
Is fearful to pass one that is unfit;
Nor can endure to fill up a void place,
At a line's end, with one insipid phrase;
And, therefore, when I scribble twenty times,
When I have written four, I blot two rhymes.
May he be damn'd who first found out that curse,
T'imprison and confine his thoughts in verse;
To hang so dull a clog upon his wit,
And make his reason to his rhyme submit!

* See Butler's *Palenodie to the Honourable Edward Howard, Esq.*

Without this plague, I freely might have spent
My happy days with leisure and content:
Had nothing in the world to do or think,
Like a fat priest, but ——, and eat, and drink;
Had past my time as pleasantly away,
Slept all the night, and loiter'd all the day.
My soul, that's free from care, and fear, and hope,
Knows how to make her own ambition stoop,
T'avoid uneasy greatness and resort,
Or for preferment following the Court.

How happy had I been if, for a curse,
The Fates had never sentenc'd me to verse
But, ever since this peremptory vein,
With restless frenzy, first possess'd my brain,
And that the devil tempted me, in spite
Of my own happiness, to judge and write,
Shut up against my will, I waste my age
In mending this, and blotting out that page,
And grow so weary of the slavish trade,
I envy their condition that write bad.
O happy Scudery! whose easy quill
Can, once a month, a mighty volume fill;
For, though thy works are written in despite
Of all good sense, impertinent and slight,
They never have been known to stand in need
Of stationer to sell, or sot to read;
For, so the rhyme be at the verse's end,
No matter whither all the rest does tend.
Unhappy is that man who, in spite of 's heart,
Is forc'd to be ty'd up to rules of art.
A fop that scribbles does it with delight,
Takes no pains to consider what to write,
But, fond of all the nonsense he brings forth,
Is ravish'd with his own great wit and worth;

While brave and noble writers vainly strive
To such a height of glory to arrive;
But, still with all they do unsatisfy'd,
Ne'er please themselves, though all the world beside:
And those whom all mankind admire for wit,
Wish, for their own sakes, they had never writ.
Thou, then, that see'st how ill I spend my time,
Teach me, for pity, how to make a rhyme;
And, if th' instructions chance to prove in vain,
Teach—how ne'er to write again.

SAMUEL BUTLER

THE CHRONICLE

MAGARITA first possest,
If I remember well, my brest,
Margarita first of all;
But when awhile the wanton Maid
With my restless heart had plaid,
Martha took the flying Ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous *Catharine.*
Beauteous *Catharine* gave place
(Though loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my Heart)
To *Elisa's* conquering face.

Elisa till this *Hour* might reign
Had she not *Evil Counsels* ta'en.
Fundamental Laws she broke,
And still new *Favorites* she chose,
Till up in *Arms,* my *Passions* rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then and gentle *Ann*
Both to reign at once began.
Alternately they sway'd,
And sometimes *Mary* was the *Fair*,
And sometimes *Ann* the *Crown* did wear,
And sometimes *Both* I obey'd.

Another *Mary* then arose
And did rigorous Laws impose.
A mighty *Tyrant* she!
Long, alas, should I have been
Under that *Iron-Scepter'd Queen*,
Had not *Rebecca* set me free.

When fair *Rebecca* set me free,
'Twas then a *Golden Time* with me,
But soon those pleasures fled,
For the gracious Princess dy'd
In her Youth and Beauties' pride,
And *Judith* reigned in her sted.

One Month, three Days, and half an Hour
Judith held the *Sovereign Power*.
Wondrous beautiful her Face,
But so weak and small her Wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so *Susanna* took her place.

But when *Isabella* came
Arm'd with a resistless flame
And th' Artillery of her Eye;
Whilst she proudly marcht about
Greater Conquests to find out,
She beat out *Susan* by the by.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd *Besse*, her *Viceroy-Maid*,
To whom ensued a *Vacancy*.
Thousand worse *Passions* then possest
The *Interregnum* of my brest,
Bless me from such an *Anarchy!*

Gentle *Henriette* then
And a third *Mary* next began,
Then Jone, and Jane, and Audria.
And then a pretty *Thomasine,*
And then another *Katharine,*
And then a *long Et cetera.*

But should I now to you relate,
The strength and riches of their *state,*
The *Powder, Patches,* and the *Pins,*
The *Ribbons, Jewels,* and the *Rings,*
The *Lace,* the *Paint,* and *warlike things*
That make up all their *Magazins:*

If I should tell the politick Arts
I'd take and keep men's hearts,
The Letters, Embassies, and Spies,
The Frowns, and Smiles, and Flatteries,
The Quarrels, Tears, and Perjuries,
Numberless, *Nameless Mysteries!*

And all the *Little Lime-twigs* laid
By *Matchavil* the *Waiting-Maid;*
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell
All change of *Weathers* that befell)
Than *Holinshead* or *Stow.*

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with Me
An higher and a nobler strain
My present *Emperess* does claim,
Heleonora First o' th' Name;
Whom *God grant long to reign!*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

AN HOLY SISTER

She that can sit three sermons in a day,
And of those three scarce bear three words away;
She that can rob her husband, to repair
A budget-priest, that noses a long prayer;
She that with lamp-black purifies her shoes,
And with half-eyes and Bible softly goes;
She that her pockets with lay-gospel stuffs,
And edifies her books with little ruffs;
She that loves sermons as she does the rest,
Still standing stiff that longest are the best;
She that at christenings thirsteth for more sack,
And draws the broadest handkerchief for cake;
She that sings psalms devoutly, next the street,
And beats her maid i' th' kitchen where none see't;
She that will sit in shop for five hours' space,
And register the sins of all that pass,
Damn at first sight, and proudly dares to say
That none can possibly be saved but they
That hang religion in a naked ear,
And judge men's hearts according to their hair;
That could afford to doubt, who wrote best sense,
Moses, or Dod on the commandments;
She that can sigh, and cry "Queen Elizabeth,"
Rail at the Pope, and scratch-out "sudden death":
And for all this can give no reason why:
This is an holy sister, verily.

Abraham Cowley

MERRY ANDREW

Sly Merry Andrew, the last Southwark fair
(At Barthol'mew he did not much appear:
So peevish was the edict of the Mayor)
At Southwark, therefore, as his tricks he show'd,
To please our masters, and his friends the crowd;
A huge neat's tongue he in his right hand held:
His left was with a good black pudding fill'd.
With a grave look, in this odd equipage,
The clownish mimic traverses the stage:
"Why, how now, Andrew!" cries his brother droll,
"To-day's conceit, methinks, is something dull:
Come on, sir, to our worthy friends explain
What does your emblematic worship mean?"
Quoth Andrew: "Honest English let us speak:
Your emble—(what d'ye call 't) is heathen Greek.
To tongue or pudding thou hast no pretence;
Learning thy talent is, but mine is sense.
That busy fool I was which thou art now;
Desirous to correct, not knowing how.
With very good design, but little wit,
Blaming or praising things, as I thought fit.
I for this conduct had what I deserv'd;
And dealing honestly, was almost starv'd.
But, thanks to my indulgent stars, I eat;
Since I have found the secret to be great."
"O, dearest Andrew," says the humble droll,
"Henceforth may I obey, and thou control;
Provided thou impart thy useful skill,—"
"Bow then," says Andrew; "and, for once, I will—
Be of your patron's mind, whate'er he says;
Sleep very much, think little, and talk less;
Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong,
But eat your pudding, slave; and hold your tongue.
A reverend prelate stopp'd his coach and six,
To laugh a little at our Andrew's tricks,
But when he heard him give this golden rule,
"Drive on" (he cried); "this fellow is no fool."

Matthew Prior

A REASONABLE AFFLICTION

On his death-bed poor Lubin lies;
His spouse is in despair;
With frequent sobs and mutual cries,
They both express their care.

"A different cause," says Parson Sly,
"The same effect may give:
Poor Lubin fears that he may die;
His wife, that he may live."

MATTHEW PRIOR

PHILLIS'S AGE

How old may Phillis be, you ask,
Whose beauty thus all hearts engages?
To answer is no easy task:
For she has really two ages.

Stiff in brocade, and pinched in stays,
Her patches, paint, and jewels on;
All day let envy view her face,
And Phillis is but twenty-one.

Paint, patches, jewels laid aside,
At night astronomers agree,
The evening has the day belied;
And Phillis is some forty-three.

MATTHEW PRIOR

THE REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE

I SENT for Ratcliffe; was so ill
 That other doctors gave me over:
He felt my pulse—prescrib'd his pill,
 And I was likely to recover.

But when the wit began to wheeze,
 And wine had warm'd the politician,
Cur'd yesterday of my disease,
 I died last night of my physician.

MATTHEW PRIOR

NELL AND JOHN

WHEN Nell, given o'er by the doctor, was dying,
And John at the chimney stood decently crying;
"'Tis in vain," said the woman, "to make such ado
For to our long home we must all of us go!"

"True, Nell," replied John; "but, what yet is the worst
For us that remain, the best always go first;
Remember, dear wife, that I said so last year,
When you lost your white heifer, and I my brown mare!"

MATTHEW PRIOR

AN EPITAPH

INTERR'd beneath this marble stone
Lie sauntering Jack and idle Joan.
While rolling threescore years and one
Did round this globe their courses run;
If human things went ill or well;
If changing empires rose or fell;
The morning past, the evening came,
And found this couple still the same.
They walk'd and ate, good folks: what then?
Why then they walk'd and ate again:
They soundly slept the night away;
They did just nothing all the day;
And having buried children four,
Would not take pains to try for more:
Nor sister either had, nor brother;
They seemed just tallied for each other.
Their moral and economy
Most perfectly they made agree:
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespass'd on the other's ground.
Nor fame, nor censure they regarded;
They neither punish'd nor rewarded.
He cared not what the footman did;
Her maids she neither praised nor chid;
So every servant took his course;
And bad at first, they all grew worse.
Slothful disorder filled his stable;
And sluttish plenty deck'd her table.
Their beer was strong; their wine was port;
Their meal was large; their grace was short.
They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.
They paid the church and parish rate;
And took, but read not the receipt:
For which they claim their Sunday's due,
Of slumbering in an upper pew.

No man's defects sought they to know;
So never made themselves a foe.
No man's good deeds did they commend;
So never rais'd themselves a friend.
Nor cherished they relations poor;
That might decrease their present store:
Nor barn nor house did they repair;
That might oblige their future heir.
They neither added nor confounded;
They neither wanted nor abounded.
Each Christmas they accompts did clear
And wound their bottom round the year.
Nor tear nor smile did they employ
At news of public grief, or joy.
When bells were rung, and bonfires made,
If ask'd, they ne'er denied their aid;
Their jug was to the ringers carried,
Whoever either died, or married.
Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was depos'd, or crown'd.
Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise;
They would not learn, nor could advise:
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were:
Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cried:
And so they liv'd, and so they died.

MATTHEW PRIOR

MARY THE COOK-MAID'S LETTER TO DR. SHERIDAN

Well, if ever I saw such another man since my mother bound my head!
You a gentleman! marry come up! I wonder where you were bred.
I'm sure such words do nót become a man of your cloth;
I would not give such language to a dog, faith and troth.
Yes, you call'd my master a knave: fie, Mr. Sheridan! 't is a shame
For a parson, who should know better things, to come out with such a name,
Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan! 't is both a shame and a sin;
And the Dean, my master, is an honester man than you and all your kin:
He has more goodness in his little finger, than you have in your whole body:
My master is a personable man, and not a spindle-shank'd hoddy-doddy,
And now, whereby I find you would fain make an excuse,
Because my master one day, in anger, call'd you a goose;
Which, and I am sure I have been his servant four years since October,
And he never call'd me worse than sweetheart, drunk or sober:
Not that I know that his reverence was ever concern'd to my knowledge,
Though you and your come-rogues keep him out so late in your college.
You say you will eat grass on his grave: a Christian eat grass!
Whereby you now confess yourself to be a goose or an ass:
But that's as much as to say that my master should die before ye;
Well, well, that's as God pleases; and I don't believe that's a true story:

And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my master; what care I?
And I don't care who knows it, 't is all one to Mary;
Every one knows that I love to tell truth and shame the devil;
I am but a poor servant, but I think gentlefolks should be civil.
Besides, you found fault with victuals one day that you was here:
I remember it was a Tuesday of all days in the year.
And Saunders the man says you were always jesting and mocking:
Mary, said he, (one day as I was mending my master's stocking)
My master is so fond of that minister that keeps the school,
I thought my master was a wise man, but that man makes him a fool.
Saunders, said I, I would rather than a quart of ale
He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin a dish-clout to his tail.
And now I must go and get Saunders to direct this letter;
For I write but a sad scrawl; but my sister Marget she writes better.
Well, but I must run and make the bed, before my master comes from prayers;
And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming upstairs;
Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I could write written hand:
And so I remain in a civil way, your servant to command,

Mary.

JONATHAN SWIFT

THE FURNITURE OF A WOMAN'S MIND

A SET of phrases learn'd by rote;
A passion for a scarlet coat;
When at a play, to laugh and cry,
Yet cannot tell the reason why;
Never to hold her tongue a minute,
While all she prates has nothing in it;
Whole hours can with a coxcomb sit,
And take his nonsense all for wit;
Her learning mounts to read a song,
But half the words pronouncing wrong;
Has every repartee in store
She spoke ten thousand times before;
Can ready compliments supply
On all occasions cut and dry;
Such hatred to a parson's gown,
The sight would put her in a swoon;
For conversation well endued,
She calls it witty to be rude;
And, placing raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greatest failing;
Nor make a scruple to expose
Your bandy leg or crooked nose;
Can at her morning tea run o'er
The scandal of the day before;
Improving hourly in her skill,
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.
 In choosing lace a critic nice,
Knows to a groat the lowest price;
Can in her female clubs dispute
What linen best the silk will suit;
What colours each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch.
 If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;
So sweetly screams, if it comes near her,
She ravishes all hearts to hear her.

Can dext'rously her husband teaze,
By taking fits where'er she please;
By frequent practice learns the trick
At proper seasons to be sick;
Thinks nothing gives one airs so pretty,
At once creating love and pity;
If Molly happens to be careless,
And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
She gets a cold as sure as death,
And vows she scarce can fetch her breath
Admires how modest women can
Be so robustious like a man.
In party, furious to her power;
A bitter Whig, or Tory sour;
Her arguments directly tend
Against the side she would defend;
Will prove herself a Tory plain,
From principles the Whigs maintain;
And, to defend the Whiggish cause,
Her topics from the Tories draws.
O yes! if any man can find
More virtues in a woman's mind,
Let them be sent to Mrs. Harding; *
She'll pay the charges to a farthing;
Take notice, she has my commission
To add them in the next edition;
They may outsell a better thing:
So, holla, boys: God save the King!

JONATHAN SWIFT

* Widow of John Harding, the Drapier's printer.

ABROAD AND AT HOME

As Thomas was cudgel'd one day by his wife,
He took to the street, and fled for his life:
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And sav'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him some sober advice;—
But Tom is a person of honour so nice,
Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning,
That he sent to all three a challenge next morning:
Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life;
Went home, and was cudgel'd again by his wife.

JONATHAN SWIFT

AN ELEGY ON A LAP-DOG

SHOCK's fate I mourn; poor *Shock* is now no more,
Ye muses mourn, ye chamber-maids deplore,
Unhappy *Shock!* Yet more unhappy Fair,
Doom'd to survive thy joy and only care!
Thy wretched fingers now no more shall deck,
And tye the fav'rite ribband round his neck;
No more thy hand shall smooth his glossy hair,
And comb the wavings of his pendent ear.
Yet cease thy flowing grief, forsaken maid;
All mortal pleasures in a moment fade:
Our surest hope is in an hour destroy'd,
And love, best gift of heav'n, not long enjoy'd.

Methinks I see her frantick with despair,
Her streaming eyes, wrung hands, and flowing hair;
Her *Mechlen* fineness rent the floor bestrow,
And her torn fan gives real signs of woe.

Hence superstition, that tormenting guest,
That haunts with fancy'd fears the coward breast;
No dread events upon this fate attend,
Stream eyes no more, no more thy tresses rend.
Tho' certain omens oft forewarn a state,
And dying lions show the monarch's fate;
Why should such fears bid *Celia's* sorrow rise?
For when a Lap-dog falls no lover dies.

Cease, *Celia*, cease; restrain thy flowing tears,
Some warmer passion will dispel thy cares.
In man you'll find a more substantial bliss,
More graceful toying, and a sweeter kiss.

He's dead. Oh lay him gently in the ground!
And may his tomb be by this verse renown'd:
Here Shock, *the pride of all his kind, is laid;*
Who fawn'd like man, but ne'er like man betray'd.

JOHN GAY

TO A LADY, ON HER PASSION FOR OLD CHINA

WHAT ecstasies her bosom fire!
How her eyes languish with desire!
How blest, how happy should I be,
Were that fond glance bestow'd on me
New doubts and fears within me war:
What rival's near? a *China* jar.

China's the passion of her soul;
A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl
Can kindle wishes in her breast,
Inflame with joy, or break her rest.

Some gems collect; some medals prize,
And view the rust with lover's eyes;
Some court the stars at midnight hours;
Some doat on Nature's charm in flowers!
But ev'ry beauty I can trace
In *Laura's* mind, in *Laura's* face;
My stars are in this brighter sphere,
My lily and my rose is here.

Philosophers more grave than wise
Hunt science down in butterflies;
Or fondly poring on a spider,
Stretch human contemplation wider;
Fossils give joy to *Galen's* soul,
He dys for knowledge, like a mole;
In shells so learn'd, that all agree
No fish that swims knows more than he!
In such pursuits if wisdom lies,
Who, *Laura*, shall thy taste despise?

When I some antique Jar behold,
Or white, or blue, or speck'd with gold,
Vessels so pure, and so refin'd,
Appear the types of woman-kind:
Are they not valu'd for their beauty,
Too fair, too fine for household duty?
With flowers and gold and azure dy'd,
Of ev'ry house the grace and pride?
How white, how polish'd is their skin,
And valu'd most when only seen!
She who before was highest priz'd
Is for a crack or flaw despis'd;
I grant they're frail, yet they're so rare,
The treasure cannot cost too dear!
But man is made of coarser stuff,
And serves convenience well enough;
He's a strong earthen vessel made,
For drudging, labour, toil, and trade;
And when wives lose their other self,
With ease they bear the loss of *Delf*.

Husbands more covetous than sage
Condemn this *China*-buying rage;
They count that woman's prudence little,
Who sets her heart on things so brittle.
But are those wise-men's inclinations
Fixt on more strong, more sure foundations
If all that's frail we must despise,
No human view or scheme is wise.
Are not Ambition's hopes as weak?
They swell like bubbles, shine and break.
A Courtier's promise is so slight,
'Tis made at noon, and broke at night.
What pleasure's sure? The Miss you keep
Breaks both your fortune and your sleep.
The man who loves a country life,
Breaks all the comforts of his wife;
And if he quit his farm and plough,
His wife in town may break her vow.
Love, *Laura*, love, while youth is warm,
For each new winter breaks a charm;
And woman's not like *China* sold,
But cheaper grows in growing old;
Then quickly chuse the prudent part,
Or else you break a faithful heart.

JOHN GAY

TO MR. JOHN MOORE

AUTHOR OF THE CELEBRATED WORM-POWDER

How much, egregious *Moore*, are we
Deceiv'd by show and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All humankind are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by birth,
Vile reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.

That Woman is a Worm, we find
E'er since, our Grandame's evil,
She first convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient Worm, the Devil.

The Learn'd themselves we Book-worms name,
The Blockhead is a Slow-worm;
The Nymph whose tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm.

The Fops are painted Butterflies,
That flutter for a day;
First from a Worm they take their rise,
And in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Earwig grows;
Thus Worms suit all conditions;
Misers are Muck-worms, Silk-worms Beaus,
And Death-watches Physicians.

That Statesmen have the Worm, is seen
By all their winding play;
Their conscience is a Worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah *Moore*! thy skill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would rise,
If thou couldst make the Courtier void
The worm that never dies.

O learned Friend of *Abchurch-Lane*,
Who sett'st our entrails free!
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
Since Worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our Fate thou only canst adjourn
Some few short years, no more!
Ev'n *Button's* Wits to Worms shall turn,
Who Maggots were before.

ALEXANDER POPE

TO SIR ROBERT WALPOLE

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1730

SIR,

WHILE at the helm of state you ride,
Our nation's envy, and its pride;
While foreign courts with wonder gaze,
And curse those councils which they praise;
Would you not wonder, sir, to view
Your bard a greater man than you?
Which that he is, you cannot doubt,
When you have read the sequel out.

You know, great sir, that ancient fellows
Philosophers, and such folk, tell us,
No great analogy between
Greatness and happiness is seen.

If then, as it might follow straight,
Wretched to be, is to be great,
Forbid it, gods, that you should try
What 'tis to be as great as I.

The family that dines the latest,
Is in our street esteem'd the greatest;
But latest hours must surely fall
Before him who never dines at all.
Your taste in architect, you know,
Has been admired by friend and foe:
But can you earthly domes compare
To all my castles—in the air?

We're often taught it doth behove us
To think those greater who're above us.
Another instance of my glory,
Who live above you twice two storey,
And from my garret can look down
On the whole street of Arlington.

Greatness by poets still is painted,
With many followers acquainted;
This too doth in my favour speak,
Your levée is but twice a week;
From mine I can exclude but one day,
My door is quiet on a Sunday.

Nor in the manner of attendance
Doth your great bard claim less ascendance.
Familiar you to admiration,
May be approach'd by all the nation:
While I, like the Mogul in Indo,
Am never seen but at my window.
If with my greatness you're offended,
The fault is easily amended,
For I'll come down with wondrous ease,
Into whatever place you please.

I'm not ambitious; little matters
Will serve us great but humble creatures,
Suppose a secretary of this isle,
Just to be doing with a while;
Admiral, gen'ral, judge, or bishop;
Or I can foreign treaties dish up
If the good genius of the nation
Should call me to negotiation;
Tuscan and French are in my head;
Latin I write, and Greek I—read.

If you should ask, what pleases best?
To get the most and do the least;
What fittest for?—you know, I'm sure,
I'm fittest for a—sinecure.

HENRY FIELDING

ODE ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLDFISHES

'TWAS on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers, that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purred applause.

Still had she gazed; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream;
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betrayed a golden gleam

The hapless nymph with wonder saw;
A whisker first and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretched in vain to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise?
What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretched, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate sat by and smiled,)
The slippery verge her feet beguiled,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mewed to every wat'ry god,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirred;
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard.
A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceived,
Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all, that glisters, gold.

THOMAS GRAY

THE VICAR OF BRAY

In good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high-churchman was I,
And so I got preferment.
To teach my Flock I never miss'd
Kings were by God appointed,
And lost are those that dare resist
Or touch the Lord's anointed.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

When Royal James possess'd the crown,
And Popery grew in fashion
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration:
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution;
And I had been a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

When William was our king declared,
To ease the nation's grievance;
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance.
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

When Royal Anne became our queen,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory:
Occasional Conformists base,
I blamed their moderation;
And thought the Church in danger was
By such prevarication.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

When George in pudding time came o'er,
And moderate men looked big, sir,
My principles I changed once more,
And so became a Whig, sir;
And thus preferment I procured
From our new faith's defender;
And almost every day abjured
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

Th' illustrious House of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear—
While they can keep possession:
For in my faith and loyalty,
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful king shall be—
Until the times do alter.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

ANON.

ELEGY ON MRS. MARY BLAIZE

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning;
And never followed wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size;
She never slumbered in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has followed her—
When she has walked before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent Street well may say
That had she lived a twelvemonth more—
She had not died to-day.

Oliver Goldsmith

THE GIFT

TO IRIS, IN BOW STREET, COVENT GARDEN

Say, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual offering shall I make
Expressive of my duty?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair one prize
The gift, who slights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch or toy,
My rivals give—and let 'em;
If gems or gold impart a joy,
I'll give them—when I get 'em.

I'll give—but not the full-blown rose,
Or rose-bud, more in fashion;
Such short-lived offerings but disclose
A transitory passion.

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
Not less sincere than civil;
I'll give thee—Ah! too charming maid,
I'll give thee—to the devil.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,—
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a Godly race he ran,—
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,—
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad,
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied;
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON

THANKS, my lord, for your venison, for finer or fatter
Never ranged in a forest, or smoked in a platter;
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy.
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help
regretting,
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating;
I had thoughts, in my chambers, to place it on view,
To be shown to my friends as a piece of *virtù*;
As in some Irish houses, where things are so-so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show:
But for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.
But hold—let me pause—Don't I hear you pronounce
This tale of the bacon a damnable bounce?
Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.
But, my lord, it's no bounce: I protest in my turn
It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr. Byrne.

To go on with my tale—as I gazed on the haunch,
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch,
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he liked best.
Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose;
'Twas a neck and a breast—that might rival Munroe's:
But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.
There's Howard, and Coley, and Hogarth, and Heff.
I think they love venison—I know they love beef;
There's my countryman Higgins—Oh! let him alone,
For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
But hang it—to poets who seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,
It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.

While thus I debated, in reverie centred,
An acquaintance, a friend as he called himself, entered;
An underbred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
And he smiled as he looked at the venison and me.
"What have we got here?—Why this is good eating!
Your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting?"
"Why, whose should it be?" cried I with a flounce:
"I get these things often";—but that was a bounce:
"Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
Are pleased to be kind—but I hate ostentation."

"If that be the case, then," cried he, very gay,
"I'm glad I have taken this house on my way.
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
No words—I insist on 't—precisely at three:
We'll have Johnson and Burke; all the wits will be there;
My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord Clare.
And now that I think on 't, as I am a sinner!
We wanted this venison to make out the dinner.
What say you—a pasty? it shall, and it must,
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
Here, porter!—this venison with me to Mile-end;
No stirring—I beg—my dear friend—my dear friend!"
Thus snatching his hat, he brushed off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables followed behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And "nobody with me at sea but myself";
Though I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty,
Were things that I never disliked in my life,
Though clogged with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
So next day, in due splendour to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney coach.

When come to the place where we all were to dine,
(A chair-lumbered closet just twelve feet by nine);
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb,
With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come;

"For I knew it," cried he, "both eternally fail,
The one with his speeches, and t' other with Thrale;
But no matter, I'll warrant we make up the party,
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
They're both of them merry, and authors like you;
The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge;
Some think he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge."
While thus he described them by trade and by name,
They entered, and dinner was served as they came.

At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen,
At the bottom was tripe in a swinging tureen;
At the sides there was spinach and pudding made hot;
In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
Now, my lord, as for tripe, it's my utter aversion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian,
So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
But what vexed me most was that d——d Scottish rogue,
With his long-winded speeches, his smiles and his brogue;
And, "Madam," quoth he, "may this bit be my poison,
A prettier dinner I never set eyes on;
Pray a slice of your liver, though may I be curst,
But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst."
"The tripe," quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,
"I could dine on this tripe seven days in the week:
I like these here dinners so pretty and small;
But your friend there, the Doctor, eats nothing at all.'
"O—Oh!" quoth my friend, "he'll come on in a trice
He's keeping a corner for something that's nice:
There's a pasty"—"A pasty!" repeated the Jew,
"I don't care if I keep a corner for 't too."
"What the de'il, mon, a pasty!" re-echoed the Scot,
"Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for thot."
"We'll all keep a corner," the lady cried out;
"We'll all keep a corner," was echoed about.
While thus we resolved, and the pasty delayed,
With looks that quite petrified, entered the maid;

A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
Waked Priam in drawing his curtains by night.
But we quickly found out, for who could mistake her?
That she came with some terrible news from the baker:
And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven
Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—
And now that I think on 't, the story may stop.
To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour misplaced,
To send such good verses to one of your taste;
You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
A relish—a taste—sickened over by learning:
At least, it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very slightly of all that's your own
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

REPORT OF AN ADJUDGED CASE

Not to be found in any of the Books

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;
While Chief-Baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

"In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear
And your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind."

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—
"Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the bridge of the Nose is; in short,
Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

"Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happened, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then?

"On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them."

Then shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how),
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes:
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one if or but—
"That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By daylight or candlelight—Eyes should be shut!

WILLIAM COWPER



THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear—
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we.

He soon replied—I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin—That's well said;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;
O'erjoy'd was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seiz'd fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it griev'd him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came downstairs—
"The wine is left behind!"

Good lack! quoth he—yet bring it me
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she lov'd,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then, over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed!

But, finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, Fair and softly, John he cried
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So, stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig!—
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig!

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all;
And ev'ry soul cried out—Well done!
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around—
He carries weight! He rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turn-pike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leathern girdle brac'd;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin !—Here's the house—
They all at once did cry;
The dinner waits, and we are tir'd:
Said Gilpin—So am I !

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclin'd to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amaz'd to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him;—

What news ! what news ! your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all.

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And lov'd a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:—

I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road.

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence strait he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flow'd behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and, in his turn,
Thus show'd his ready wit—
My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.

Said John—It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton
And I should dine at Ware!

So, turning to his horse, he said—
I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And gallop'd off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig!
He left them sooner than at first—
For why?—they were too big!

Now, mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell—
This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well.

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But, not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted horse he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels!—
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumb'ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,
They rais'd the hue and cry:—

Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-man thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did—and won it too!—
For he got first to town;
Nor stopp'd till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing—Long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

WILLIAM COWPER

THE APPLE-DUMPLINGS AND A KING

ONCE on a time, a Monarch, tired with whooping,
Whipping and spurring,
Happy in worrying
A poor, defenceless, harmless Buck
(The Horse and Rider wet as muck),
From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
Enter'd, through curiosity, a cot
Where sat a poor Old Woman and her pot.

The wrinkled, blear-eyed, good old Granny,
In this same cot, illumed by many a cranny,
Had finish'd Apple-dumplings for her pot
In tempting row the naked Dumplings lay,
When, lo! the Monarch, in his *usual* way,
Like Lightning spoke: "What's this? what's this? what? what?"

Then, taking up a Dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand,
And oft did Majesty the Dumpling grapple:
"'Tis monstrous, monstrous hard indeed," he cried:
"What makes it, pray, so hard?"—The Dame replied,
Low curtseying, "Please your Majesty, the Apple."—

"Very astonishing indeed! strange thing!"
(Turning the Dumpling round, rejoined the King).
"'Tis most extraordinary then, all this is;
It beats Pinetti's conjuring all to pieces:
Strange I should never of a Dumpling dream!
But, Goody, tell me where, where, where's the Seam?"—

"Sir, there's no Seam," quoth she; "I never knew
That folks did Apple-dumplings *sew*."—
"No!" cried the staring Monarch with a grin:
"How, how the devil got the Apple in?"

On which the Dame the curious scheme revealed
By which the Apple lay so sly concealed;
Which made the Solomon of Britain start:
Who to the Palace with full speed repaired,
And Queen and Princesses so beauteous scared,
All with the wonders of the Dumpling Art.

There did he labour one whole week, to show
The wisdom of an Apple-dumpling Maker;
And, lo! so deep was Majesty in dough,
The Palace seemed the lodging of a Baker.

JOHN WOLCOT ("Peter Pindar")

THE RAZOR-SELLER

A FELLOW in a market-town,
Most musical, cried Razors up and down,
And offer'd *twelve* for *eighteen-pence:*
Which certainly seem'd wondrous cheap,
And for the money quite a heap,
As every man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country Bumpkin the great offer heard;
Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a broad black Beard,

That seem'd a Shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose:
With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid,
And proudly to himself, in whispers, said,
"This rascal stole the Razors, I suppose.

'No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,
Provided that the Razors *shave:*
It *sartinly* will be a monstrous prize."
So home the Clown, with his good fortune, went
Smiling, in heart and soul, content,
And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
Just like a Hedger cutting Furze:
'Twas a vile Razor!—Then the rest he tried—
All were impostors. "Ah!" Hodge sigh'd,
"I wish my *eighteen-pence* within my purse."

In vain to chase his Beard, and bring the Graces,
He cut, and dug, and winc'd, and stamp'd, and swore,
Brought blood, and danc'd, blasphem'd, and made wry faces,
And *curs'd* each Razor's body o'er and o'er:

His Muzzle, form'd of Opposition stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not loose its Ruff:
So kept it, laughing at the Steel and Suds:
Hodge, in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,
Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd claws,
On the vile Cheat that sold the goods.
'Razors! a damn'd confounded dog,
Not fit to scrape a Hog!"

Hodge sought the fellow, found him, and begun:
"P'rhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun
That people flay themselves out of their lives:
You rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing,
Giving my scoundrel Whiskers here a scrubbing,
With Razors just like Oyster-knives.
Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave,
To cry up Razors that can't shave."

"Friend," quoth the Razor-man, "I am no knave:
As for the Razors you have bought,
Upon my soul I never thought
That they would shave."

"Not think they'd shave!" quoth Hodge, with wondering eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
"What were they made for then, you dog?" he cries.
"Made!" quoth the Fellow with a smile—"to *sell*."

JOHN WOLCOT ("Peter Pindar")

THE RIVAL TRADESMEN

A THIEVING fellow, naturally sly,
"Cheaper than all the world," his wares would cry,
And on a jackass' back such bargains brought 'em;
All sized and sorted town-made brooms,
For sweeping stables, gardens, hearths, or rooms,
So cheap! as quite astonish'd all who bought 'em!
Thus, for a while, he drove a roaring trade,
And wisely thought a pretty purse to have made,
When on a dismal day, at every door,
Where oft he'd sold his *dog-cheap* goods before,
With freezing looks, his customers all told him,
Another broom-monger they'd found
That travell'd far and wide the country round,
And in sorts and sizes, *under-sold* him.
Scratching his wig he left 'em, musing deep,
With knitted brows—up to his ears in thought,
To guess, where in the deuce brooms could be *bought*,
That any mortal man could sell so cheap.

When lo! as through the street he slowly passes,
A voice as clear as raven's, owl's, or ass's,
And just as musical, rung in his ears, like thunder
(Half splitting his thick head, and wig cramm'd full of wonder),
With roaring out, "*Cheap brooms!*" O'erjoy'd he meets
His *brother brush*, and thus the rascal greets:—
"How, how the devil, brother-rogue, do I
Hear my old friends sing out a general cry
That I'm a knave! then growl like bears, and tell me,
That you do more
Than all the world could ever do before,
And, in this self-same broom-trade undersell me.
I always thought *I* sold them *cheap enough*,
And well I might—for why?
('Twixt you and I,)
I own, I *now and then have stole the stuff!*"
"Ah!" (quoth his brother thief, a dog far deeper,)
"I see, my boy, you haven't half learnt your trade,
I go a cheaper way to work than that." "*A cheaper?*"
"Why, ah—I *always* steals mine *ready made!*"

JOHN WOLCOT ("Peter Pindar")

KING CANUTE AND HIS NOBLES

A TALE

CANUTE was by his Nobles taught to fancy,
That, by a kind of Royal necromancy,
He had the power Old Ocean to control.
Down rush'd the Royal Dane upon the strand,
And issued, like a *Solomon*, command—
Poor soul!

"Go back, ye Waves, you blustering rogues," quoth he;
"Touch not your Lord and Master, Sea;

For, by my *power almighty*, if you do—"
Then staring vengeance, out he held a stick;
Vowing to drive Old Ocean to Old Nick,
Should he even wet the latchet of his shoe.

The Sea retired: the Monarch fierce rush'd on,
And *look'd* as if he'd drive him from the land:
But Sea, not caring to be *put upon*,
Made for a moment a bold stand.

Not only make a *stand*, did Mister Ocean,
But to his honest Waves he made a *motion*,
And bid them give the King a hearty trimming:
The orders seem'd a deal the Waves to tickle;
For soon they put his Majesty *in pickle*;
And set his Royalties, like Geese, a-swimming.

All hands aloft, with one tremendous roar,
Soon did they make him wish himself on shore:
His head and ears most handsomely they doused:
Just like a Porpus, with one general shout
The Waves *so* tumbled the poor King about,
No Anabaptist e'er was half so soused.

At length to land he crawled, a half-drowned thing,
Indeed more like a Crab than like a King,
And found his courtiers making rueful faces;—
But what said Canute to the Lords and Gentry,
Who hail'd him from the water, on his entry,
All trembling for their lives or places?

"My Lords and Gentlemen, by your advice,
I've had with Mister Sea a pretty bustle;
My treatment from my foe *not over-nice*,
Just made a jest for every Shrimp and Mussel;

"A pretty trick for one of my dominion!—
My Lords, I thank you for your *great* opinion.

"You'll tell me perhaps, I've only lost *one* Game,
And bid me try another for the Rubber:
Permit me to inform you all with shame,
That you're a set of Knaves, and I'm a Lubber."

JOHN WOLCOT ("Peter Pindar")

THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS

A TRUE STORY

A BRACE of Sinners, for no good,
 Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt, in Wax, Stone, Wood,
 And in a fair white Wig look'd wondrous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad Rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than gravel:
In short, their toes so gentle to amuse,
The Priest had order'd *peas* into their shoes;

A nostrum famous in old Popish times,
For purifying Souls that stunk of crimes;
 A sort of Apostolic *salt*,
 Which Popish parsons for its powers exalt,
For keeping Souls of Sinners *sweet*,
Just as our Kitchen-salt keeps Meat.

The Knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray;
 But very different was their speed, I wot:
One of the Sinners gallop'd on,
Swift as a Bullet from a gun;
 The other limp'd as if he had been shot.

One saw the Virgin soon; *peccavi* cried;
 Had his Soul white-wash'd all so clever;
Then home again he nimbly hied,
 Made fit with Saints above to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his Brother-rogue about half-way,
Hobbling, with . . . bended knees,
Damning the *souls* and *bodies* of the *peas;*
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,
Deep sympathising with his groaning feet.

"How now," the light-toed, white-wash'd Pilgrim broke,
"You lazy lubber?"—
"Ods curse it," cried the other, "'tis no joke:
My Feet, once hard as any Rock,
Are now as soft as Blubber.

"Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear:
As for Loretto, I shall not get there;
No, to the Devil my sinful soul must go,
For damme if I ha'nt lost every toe.

"But, Brother-sinner, pray explain
How 'tis that *you* are not in pain;
What Power hath work'd a wonder for *your* toes;
Whilst *I* just like a Snail am crawling,
Now swearing, now on Saints devoutly bawling,
While not a rascal comes to ease my woes?

"How is't that *you* can like a Greyhound go,
Merry as if that nought had happen'd, burn ye?"—
"Why," cried the other grinning, "you must know,
That just before I ventured on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I *took the liberty* to boil *my* Peas."

JOHN WOLCOT ("Peter Pindar")

ADDRESS TO THE REVIEWERS

The following address to the " Reviewers" *was written for a poetical Friend who had suffered by their Severity.*

'Tis hard, Messieurs Reviewers, 'pon my soul,
You thus should lord it o'er the world of Wit:
No higher court your sentence to control,
You hang, or you reprieve, as you think fit.

Whether, in calf, your labours of the year
Rank with immortal Bards, or boxes line;
Or, torn for secret services, oh dear!
Are offer'd up at Cloacina's shrine:—

Whether you look all rosy round the gills,
Or hatchet-fac'd like starving Cats so lean;
Whether your Criticism each pocket fills
With halfpence, keeping you close-shav'd and clean:—

Whether in gorgeous raiment you appear,
Or tatters ready from your backs to fall;
Whether with pompous wigs to guard each ear,
Or whether you've no wigs or ears at all:—

Whether you look like Gentlemen or Thieves,
I hate usurpers of the critic throne;
Therefore his compliments the Poet gives,
And humbly hopes you'll let his Lines alone.

Stay till he asks your thoughts, ye forward Sages;
Officiousness the modest Bard abjures:
'Tis surely pert to meddle with *his* pages,
Who never deign'd to look in one of *yours*.

JOHN WOLCOT ("Peter Pindar")

THE CONTRAST

In London I never know what I'd be at,
Enraptured with this, and enchanted with that;
I'm wild with the sweets of Variety's plan,
And life seems a blessing too happy for man.

But the Country, God help me! sets all matters right,
So calm and composing from morning till night;
Oh! it settles the spirits when nothing is seen
But an ass on a common, a goose on a green.

In town if it rain, why it damps not our hope,
The eye has her choice, and the fancy her scope;
What harm though it pour whole nights or whole days?
It spoils not our prospects, or stops not our ways.

In the country what bliss, when it rains in the fields,
To live on the transports that shuttlecock yields;
Or go crawling from window to window, to see
A pig on a dunghill or crow on a tree.

In London, if folks ill together are put,
A *bore* may be dropp'd or a *quiz* may be cut:
We change without end; and if lazy or ill
All wants are at hand, and all wishes at will.

In the country you're nail'd like a pale in the park,
To some *stick* of a neighbour that's cramm'd in the ark;
And 'tis odds, if you're hurt, or in fits tumble down,
You reach death ere the doctor can reach you from town.

In London how easy we visit and meet,
Gay pleasure's our theme, and sweet smiles are our treat;
Our morning's a round of good-humour'd delight,
And we rattle, in comfort, to pleasure at night.

In the country, how sprightly! our visits we make
Through ten miles of mud, for Formality's sake;
With the coachman in drink, and the moon in a fog,
And no thought in your head but a ditch or a bog.

In London the spirits are cheerful and light,
All places are gay and all faces are bright;
We've ever new joys, and reviv'd by each whim,
Each day on a fresh tide of pleasure we swim.

But how gay in the country! what summer delight
To be waiting for winter from morning to night!
Then the fret of impatience gives exquisite glee
To relish the sweet rural objects we see.

In town we've no use for the skies overhead,
For when the sun rises then we go to bed;
And as to that old-fashioned virgin the moon,
She shines out of season, like satin in June.

In the country these planets delightfully glare,
Just to show the object we want isn't there:
Oh, how cheery and gay, when their beauties arise,
To sit and gaze round with the tears in one's eyes!

But 'tis in the country alone we can find
That happy resource, that relief to the mind
When, drove to despair, our last effort we make,
And drag the old fish-pond for Novelty's sake:

Indeed I must own, 'tis a pleasure complete
To see ladies well draggled and wet in their feet;
But what is all that to the transport we feel
When we capture, in triumph, two toads and an eel?

I have heard, though, that love in a cottage is sweet,
When two hearts in one link of sweet sympathy meet:
That's to come—for as yet I, alas! am a swain
Who require, I own it, more links to my chain.

Your magpies and stock-doves may flirt among trees,
And chatter their transports in groves, if they please;
But a house is much more to my taste than a tree,
And for groves, oh! a good grove of chimneys for me.

In the country if Cupid should find a man out,
The poor tortured victim mopes hopeless about;
But in London, thank Heaven! our peace is secure,
Where for one eye to kill, there's a thousand to cure.

I know Love's a devil, too subtle to spy,
That shoots through the soul, from the beam of an eye;
But in London these devils so quickly fly about
That a new devil soon drives an old devil out.

In town let me live, then, in town let me die;
For in truth I can't relish the country, not I.
If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,
Oh, give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall.

CHARLES MORRIS

THE CATALOGUE

OH! that's what you mean now—a bit of a song;
Why, faith, then, here goes, you shan't bother me long;
I require no teazing, no praying, or stuff;
By my soul, if you wish it, I'm ready enough.
To give you your *end* you shall have a *beginning;*
And, troth, though the music be not very fine,
It's a bit of a thing that a body may sing,
Just to set us a-going and season our wine.

Oh! I once was a lover, like some of you here,
And could feed a whole night on a sigh or a tear
No sunshine I knew but from Kitty's black eye,
And the world was a desert when she wasn't by;
But, the devil knows how, I got fond of Miss Betty,
And Kitty slipt out of this bosom of mine—
It's a bit of a thing that a body may sing,
Just to set us a-going, and season our wine.

Now Betty had eyes soft and blue as the sky,
And the lily was black when her bosom was by?
Oh! I found I was fix'd, and for ever her own,
Sure I was, soul and body were Betty's alone;

But a sudden red shot from the golden-hair'd Lucy
Burnt Betty quite out, with a flame more divine—
It's a bit of a thing that a body may sing
Just to set us a-going, and season our wine.

Now Lucy was stately, majestic and tall,
And in feature and shape what a goddess you'd call:
I adored, and I vow'd if she'd not a kind eye
I'd give up the whole world, and in banishment die;
But Nancy came by, a round, plump, little creature,
And fix'd in my heart quite another design—
It's a bit of a thing that a body may sing,
Just to set us a-going, and season our wine.

Little Nance, like a Hebe, was buxom and gay,
Had a bloom like a rose, and was fresher than May:
Oh! I felt if she frown'd I must die by a rope,
Or my bosom would burst if she slighted my hope;
But the slim, taper, elegant Fanny look'd at me,
And troth, I no longer for Nance could pine—
It's a bit of a thing that a body may sing,
Just to set us a-going, and season our wine.

Now Fanny's light frame was so slender and fine
That she skimm'd in the air like a shadow divine,
Her motion bewitch'd, and to my loving eye
'Twas an angel soft gliding 'twixt earth and the sky:
'Twas all mighty well till I saw her fat sister,
And that gave a turn I could never define—
It's a bit of a thing that a body may sing,
Just to set us a-going, and season our wine.

Oh! so I go on, ever constantly blest,
For I find I've a great store of love in my breast;
And it never grows less—for whenever I try
To get one in my heart, I get two *in my eye.*
To all sorts of beauty I bow with devotion,
And all kind of liquor by turns I make mine;
So I'll finish the thing that another may sing,
Just to keep us a-going, and season our wine.

CHARLES MORRIS

JOHN BARLEYCORN

A BALLAD

THERE were three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high;
An' they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head;
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on
And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong;
His head well arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To shew their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er

They fillèd up a darksome pit
With water to the brim;
They heavèd in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further woe:
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller us'd him worst of all—
He crush'd him 'tween two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise;
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;
'Twill heighten all his joy:
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

ROBERT BURNS

THE RONALDS OF THE BENNALS

In Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men,
And proper young lasses and a', man;
But ken ye the Ronalds that live in the Bennals?
They carry the gree frae them a', man.

Their father's a laird, and weel he can spare 't,
Braid money to tocher them a', man,
To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand
Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man.

There's ane they ca' Jean, I'll warrant ye've seen
As bonny a lass or as braw, man;
But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the best,
And a conduct that beautifies a', man.

The charms o' the min', the langer they shine,
The mair admiration they draw, man;
While peaches and cherries, and roses and lilies,
They fade and they wither awa', man.

If ye be for Miss Jean, tak' this frae a frien',
A hint o' a rival or twa, man,
The Laird o' Blacklyre wad gang through the fire,
If that wad entice her awa', man.

The Laird o' Braehead has been on his speed,
For mair than a towmond or twa, man;
The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a board,
If he canna' get at her at a', man.

Then Anna comes in, the pride o' her kin,
The boast of our bachelors a', man,
Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete,
She steals our affections awa', man.

If I should detail the pick and the wale
O' lasses that live here awa,' man,
The fault wad be mine if they didna shine
The sweetest and best o' them a', man.

I lo'e her mysel, but darena weel tell,
My poverty keeps me in awe, man,
For making o' rhymes, and working at times,
Does little or naething at a', man.

Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse,
Nor hae't in her power to say na, man;
For though I be poor, unnoticed, obscure,
My stomach's as proud as them a', man.

Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride,
And flee o'er the hills like a craw, man,
I can haud up my head with the best o' the breed,
Though fluttering ever so braw, man.

My coat and my vest, they are Scotch o' the best,
O' pairs o' guid breeks I hae twa, man,
And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps,
And ne'er a wrang steek in them a', man.

My sarks they are few, but five o' them new,
Twal' hundred, as white as the snaw, man,
A ten-shillings hat, a Holland cravat;
There are no mony poets sae braw, man.

I never had frien's weel stockit in means,
To leave me a hundred or twa, man;
Nae weel-tochered aunts, to wait on their drants
And wish them in hell for it a', man.

I never was cannie for hoarding o' money,
Or claughtin't together at a', man,
I've little to spend, and naething to lend,
But devil a shilling I awe, man.

ROBERT BURNS

THE JOYFUL WIDOWER

I MARRIED with a scolding wife,
The fourteenth of November;
She made me weary of my life,
By one unruly member.
Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
And many griefs attended;
But, to my comfort be it spoke,
Now, now her life is ended.

We liv'd full one-and-twenty years,
A man and wife together;
At length from me her course she steer'd,
And gone I knew not whither;
Would I could guess, I do profess,
I speak, and do not flatter,
Of all the women in the world,
I never could come at her.

Her body is bestowèd well,
A handsome grave does hide her;
But sure her soul is not in hell,
The de'il could ne'er abide her.
I rather think she is aloft,
And imitating thunder;
For why,—methinks I hear her voice
Tearing the clouds asunder.

ROBERT BURNS

TO JOHN TAYLOR

With Pegasus upon a day,
Apollo weary flying,
Through frosty hills the journey lay,
On foot the way was plying.

Poor slipshod giddy Pegasus
Was but a sorry walker;
To Vulcan then Apollo goes,
To get a frosty calker.

Obliging Vulcan fell to work,
Threw by his coat and bonnet,
And did Sol's business in a crack;
Sol paid him with a sonnet.

Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead,
Pity my sad disaster;
My Pegasus is poorly shod——
I'll pay you like my master.

Robert Burns

LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has seen "Lodgings to let" stare him full in the face:
Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 'tis well known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only;
But Will was so fat he appear'd like a tun,
Or like two single gentlemen roll'd into one.

He enter'd his rooms, and to bed he retreated:
But, all the night long, he felt fever'd and heated;
And, though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same. And the next. And the next:
He perspired like an ox; he was nervous and vex'd;
Week passed after week; till, by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months, his acquaintance began much to doubt him:
For his skin, like a lady's loose gown hung about him.
He sent for a doctor; and cried, like a ninny,
"I have lost many pounds. Make me well. There's a guinea."

The doctor look'd wise:—"A slow fever," he said:
Prescribed sudorifics,—and going to bed.
"Sudorifics in bed," exclaim'd Will, "are humbugs!
I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs!"

Will kick'd out the doctor:—but, when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed;
So, calling his host, he said:—"Sir, do you know,
I'm the fat single gentleman, six months ago?

"Look'e, landlord, I think," argued Will, with a grin,
"That with honest intentions you first took me in:
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
I have been so d——d hot, that I'm sure I caught cold.'

Quoth the landlord, "Till now, I ne'er had a dispute;
I've let lodgings ten years; I'm a baker, to boot;
In airing your sheets, Sir, my wife is no sloven;
And your bed is immediately over my oven."

"The oven!" says Will. Says the host, "Why, this passion?
In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.
Why so crusty, good Sir?"—"Zounds!" cried Will, in a taking,
"Who wouldn't be crusty, with half a year's baking?"

Will paid for his rooms :—cried the host, with a sneer,
"Well, I see you've been going away half a year."
"Friend, we can't well agree,—yet no quarrel"—Will said ;—
"But I'd rather not perish while you make your bread."

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER



THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY

A MAN, in a country town, we know,
Professes openly with death to wrestle ;
Ent'ring the field against the grimly foe,
Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet, some affirm, no enemies they are ;
But meet just like prize-fighters, in a fair,
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness of a brother :
So, many a suff'ring patient saith,
Though the Apothecary fights with Death
Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line
Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne ;
No man could better gild a pill,
Or make a bill,
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister,
Or draw a tooth out of your head,
Or chatter scandal by your bed,
Or give a clyster.

Of occupations these were *quantum suff.*:
Yet, still, he thought the list not long enough;
And therefore midwifery he chose to pin to't.
This balanced things:—for if he hurl'd
A few score mortals from the world,
He made amends by bringing others into't.

His fame full six miles round the country ran;
In short, in reputation he was *solus:*
All the old women call'd him a "fine man!"
His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in trade
(Which oftentimes will genius fetter),
Read works of fancy, it is said,
And cultivated the *Belles-Lettres.*

And why should this be thought so odd?
Can't men have taste who cure a phthisic?
Of poetry though patron-god,
Apollo patronizes physic.

Bolus loved verse;—and took so much delight in't,
That his prescriptions he resolved to write in't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass
Of writing the directions on his labels,
In dapper couplets,—like Gay's Fables;
Or, rather, like the lines in Hudibras.

Apothecary's verse! And where's the treason?
'Tis simply honest dealing:—not a crime;
When patients swallow physic without reason,
It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's door,
Some three miles from the town,—it might be four;
To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article,
In Pharmacy, that's call'd cathartical,
And on the label of the stuff,
He wrote this verse;
Which, one would think, was clear enough,
And terse:—

"When taken
To be well shaken."

Next morning, early, Bolus rose;
And to the patient's house he goes,
Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had:
It was, indeed, a very sorry hack;
But that's of course:
For what's expected from a horse
With an Apothecary on his back?
Bolus arrived; and gave a doubtful tap,
Between a single and a double rap.
Knocks of this kind
Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance,
By fiddlers, and by opera-singers:
One loud, and then a little one behind;
As if the knocker fell, by chance,
Out of their fingers.

The servant let him in, with dismal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place—
Portending some disaster;
John's countenance as rueful look'd, and grim,
As if th' Apothecary had physick'd him,
And not his master.
"Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said.
John shook his head,
"Indeed—hum. ha!—that's very odd!
He took the draught?" John gave a nod.
"Well,—how?—what then?—speak out, you dunce!"
"Why, then," says John, "we *shook* him once."

"Shook him! How?"—Bolus stammer'd out.
"We jolted him about."
"Zounds! Shake a patient, man!—a shake won't do."
"No, Sir,—and so we gave him *two*."
"Two shakes! od's curse!
'Twould make the patient worse."
"It did so, Sir!—and so a third we tried."
"Well, and what then?"—"Then, Sir, my master died!"

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN

THE Laird o' Cockpen he's proud an' he's great,
His mind is ta'en up wi' things o' the State;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Doon by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thocht she'd look well
M'Cleish's ae dochter, o' Clavers-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a long pedigree.

His wig was weel pouther'd, as gude as when new;
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, an' cocked hat,
An' wha' could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the grey mare, he rode cannilie,
An' rapped at the yett o' Clavers-ha' Lee;
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,—
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flow'r wine;
"An' what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
She put aff her apron, an' on her silk goon,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an gaed awa doon.

An' when she cam' ben he bowèd fu' low,
An' what was his errand he soon let her know;
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said, "Na!"
An' wi' a laigh curtsie she turnèd awa'!

Dumfounder'd was he, but nae sigh did he gi'e—
He mounted his mare, an' he rode cannilie;
An' often he thocht, as he gaed through the glen,
"She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen!"

LADY NAIRNE

[ADDITIONAL STANZAS.]

An' noo that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;
"For ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten,
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Neist time that the Laird an' the Leddy were seen,
Was gaun arm in arm to the Kirk on the green;
Noo she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,
But as yet there's nae chickens appear'd at Cockpen.

SUSAN FERRIER

THE KNIFE-GRINDER

A DIALOGUE IN SAPPHICS

FRIEND OF HUMANITY

"NEEDY Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road—your wheel is out of order—
Bleak blows the blast; your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches.

"Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, 'Knives! and
Scissors to grind O!'

"Tell me, Knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the squire? or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?

"Was it the squire, for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a law-suit?

"(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story."

KNIFE-GRINDER

"Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir,
Only last night, a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

"Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
Stocks for a vagrant.

"I should be glad to drink your Honour's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir."

FRIEND OF HUMANITY

"*I* give thee sixpence! I will see thee damn'd first—
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!"

(*Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of Republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.*)

GEORGE CANNING

THE UNIVERSITY OF GÖTTINGEN

WHENE'ER with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U
-niversity of Göttingen-
-niversity of Göttingen.
(*Weeps and pulls out a blue handkerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds.*)

Sweet kerchief, check'd with heavenly blue
Which once my love sat knotting in?—
Alas! Matilda then was true!
At least I thought so at the U-
-niversity of Göttingen-
-niversity of Göttingen.
(*At the repetition of this line* ROGERO *clanks his chains in cadence.*)

Barbs! Barbs! alas! how swift you flew
Her neat post-waggon trotting in!
Ye bore Matilda from my view;
Forlorn I languish'd at the U-
-niversity of Göttingen-
-niversity of Göttingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
This blood my veins is clotting in.
My years are many—they were few
When first I enter'd at the U-
-niversity of Göttingen-
-niversity of Göttingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet! sweet Matilda Pöttingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my tu-
-tor, law professor at the U-
-niversity of Göttingen-
-niversity of Göttingen.

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in:
Here doom'd to starve on water gru-
el, never shall I see the U-
-niversity of Göttingen-
-niversity of Göttingen.

(*During the last stanza* ROGERO *dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison, and finally so hard, as to produce a visible contusion; he then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops; the music still continuing to play till it is wholly fallen.*)

GEORGE CANNING

THE CATARACT OF LODORE

How does the water come down at Lodore?
From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills
And its gills;
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps
For awhile, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,

It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the good shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-skurry.
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in;
Till, in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.
The cataract strong
Then plunges along;
Striking and raging,
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among:
Rising and leaping.
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound:
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in,
Confounding,
Astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the earth with its sound:
Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,

And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and spitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning;
And glittering and flittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;
Dividing and gliding and sliding;
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling;
And clattering and battering and shattering;
Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,

Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and pushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending,
But always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er,
With a mighty uproar;
All this way the water comes down at Lodore!

ROBERT SOUTHEY

PINDARIC ODE TO THE TREADMILL

INSPIRE my spirit, Spirit of De Foe,
That sang the Pillory,
In loftier strains to show
A more sublime Machine
Than that, where thou wert seen,
With neck out-stretcht and shoulders ill awry,
Courting coarse plaudits from vile crowds below—
A most unseemly show!

In such a place
Who could expose thy face,
Historiographer of deathless Crusoe
That paint'st the strife
And all the naked ills of savage life,
Far above Rousseau?
Rather myself had stood
In that ignoble wood,

Bare to the mob, on holiday or high day.
If nought else could atone
For waggish libel,
I swear on Bible,
I would have spared him for thy sake alone,
Man Friday!

Our ancestors' were sour days,
Great Master of Romance!
A milder doom had fallen to thy chance
In our days:
Thy sole assignment
Some solitary confinement
(Not worth thy care a carrot),
Where, in world-hidden cell
Thou thy own Crusoe might have acted well,
Only without the parrot;
By sure experience taught to know,
Whether the qualms thou mak'st him feel were truly such
or no.

But stay! methinks in statelier measure—
A more companionable pleasure—
I see thy steps the mighty Tread-mill trace
(The subject of my song,
Delay'd however long),
And some of thine own race,
To keep thee company, thou bring'st with thee along.
There with thee go,
Link'd in like sentence,
With regulated pace and footing slow,
Each old acquaintance,
Rogue—harlot—thief—that live to future ages;
Through many a labour'd tome,
Rankly embalm'd in thy too natural pages.
Faith, friend De Foe, thou are quite at home!
Not one of thy great offspring thou dost lack,
From pirate Singletome to pilfering Jack.

Here Flandrian Moll her brazen incest brags;
Vice-stript Roxana, penitent in rags,
There points to Amy, treading equal chimes,
The faithful hand-maid to her faithless crimes.

Incompetent my song to raise
To its just height thy praise,
Great Mill!
That by thy motion proper
(No thanks to wind, or sail, or working rill),
Grinding that stubborn corn, the Human will,
Turn'st out men's consciences,
That were begrimed before, as clean and sweet
As flour from purest wheat,
Into thy hopper.
All reformation short of thee but nonsense is,
Or human or divine.

Compared with thee,
What are the labours of the Jumping Sect,
Which feeble laws connive at rather than respect?
Thou dost not bump,
Or jump,
But *walk* men into virtue; betwixt crime
And slow repentance giving breathing time
And leisure to be good;
Instructing with discretion demi-reps
How to direct their steps.

Thou best Philosopher made out of wood!
Not that which framed thy tub,
Where sat the Cynic cub,
With nothing in his bosom sympathetic;
But from those groves derived, I deem,
Where Plato nursed his dream
Of immortality;
Seeing that clearly
Thy system all is merely
Peripatetic.

Thou to thy pupils dost such lessons give
Of how to live
With temperance, sobriety, morality
(A new art),
That from thy school, by force of virtuous deeds,
Each Tyro now proceeds
A "Walking Stewart?"

CHARLES LAMB

THE EDINBURGH REVIEWERS

O Matre pulcra filia pulchrior

O RIGOROUS sons of a clime more severe
If Horace in London offend,
Unbought let him perish, unread disappear,
But, ah! do not hasten his end.

Not whisker'd Geramb who veracity braves
In boasting of princely delights,
Not Rowland, when thumping the cushion he raves,
Of Beelzebub's capering sprites,

Are mad as the Martyr inviting the whips
Of poesy's merciless reign;
Who like Mrs. Brownrigg her 'prentices strips,
Then kills them with famine and pain.

'Tis said when the box of Pandora flew ope,
A treasure was found underneath:
It seem'd to the vulgar a figure of Hope,
To poets a laureat wreath.

'Twas this ignis fatuus tempting to roam,
That lighted poor BURNS to his fate;
That bade him abandon his plough and his home
To starve amid cities and state.

Me, too, has the treacherous phantom inspir'd
In moments of youthful delight;
With lyric presumption my bosom has fir'd,
To imitate HORACE's might.

Repentant, henceforth, I will write like a dunce
In prose all the rest of my life,
If you, dread dissectors, will spare me this once
The smart of your critical knife.

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH

("Horace in London," Book I. Ode XVI.)

TO THE COMIC MUSE

Pescimus, si quid vacui sub umbra

SWEET Muse! beneath Apollo's ray,
If ever I, your charms adoring,
Begot a jocund roundelay,
The noisy gods thought worth *encoring*—

Come now and with your archest smile,
Inspire, sweet maid, a comic ditty,
Something in *Colman's* humorous style,
And just about one third as witty.

By either sister, lov'd, caress'd,
He, gay deceiver, picks and chuses:
To serve two masters is no jest,
But he contrives to serve two muses.

Now he portrays the man of pelf,
Unmov'd by Yarico's disaster;
And now the Latin-quoting elf,
Still cringing to the wealthiest master.

To Afric's sultry plain convey'd,
To paint the ardent Moor's distresses,
He toys with *Sutta,* dingy maid,
With eyes as sable as her tresses.

From grave to gay he loves to fly,
Whilst I with you alone would tarry;
A constant *Colonel Standard* I,
And he a volatile *Sir Harry.*

O pride of Phœbus! heavenly fair!
Rare visitant at great men's tables,
Whose smile can make old-fashion'd Care
Doff for a while his suit of sables,

Enroll me on your jovial staff,
Sworn foe to sentimental sadness,
And I will live to love and laugh,
And wake the lyre to you and gladness.

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH

("Horace in London," Book I. Ode XXXII.)

THE LYRICAL LACKEY

Non usitatâ nec tenui ferar

STAND clear! and let a poet fly:
On *this* wing lyric,
That satyric,
I'll mount, like Garnerin, the sky,
Nor mope in Grub Street garret:
Though lowly born, I'll fear discard,
My polished odes
To gay abodes
Shall bowl me, like a merry bard,
To sing and tipple claret.

Enroll'd among the black-leg race,
No longer man,
A milk-white swan,
Aloft my airy course I trace,

And mount o'er London city—
On wings of foolscap, wire-wove, glaz'd
Thro' margin wide,
Serene I glide,
Whilst long-ear'd citizens amazed,
Cry "bravo," at my ditty.

Trotting thro' Pindus' flow'ry path,
In waltzes, reels,
I'll shake my heels,
I'll dip at Brighton, sip at Bath,
And doff my suit of sables—
Tall Tully of a Spouting Club,
I'll mimic Pitt
In all but wit,
And cut the *Diogenic* tub
For *Alexandrine* tables.

Tho' all the while my proper self
Is snug at home,
My pen shall roam
A modish tour in quest of pelf,
And scorning critic cavils,
I'll visit Egypt, Florence, Greece,
And then return,
Thro' Basle and Berne,
The London booksellers to fleece,
And sell John Bull my travels.

Of epics, I'll compose a *few;*
The vile reviews,
I'll ne'er peruse;
I'll edit bards I never knew:
I'll catch at all commissions:
Like Harlequin, tho' far more plump,
My tricks I'll play,
Then hey! away.
Bounce at a single leap, I'll jump
Thro' half a score editions!

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH
("Horace in London," Book II. Ode XX.)

WINTER

Vides, ut altâ stet nive candidum Soracte

See, Richmond is clad in a mantle of snow;
The woods that o'ershadow'd the hill
Now bend with their load, while the river below,
In musical murmurs forgetting to flow,
Stands mournfully frozen and still.

Who cares for the winter! *my* sunbeams shall shine
Serene from a register stove;
With two or three jolly companions to dine,
And two or three bottles of generous wine,
The rest I relinquish to Jove.

The oak bows its head in the hurricane's swell,
Condemn'd in its glory to fall;
The marigold dies unperceiv'd in the dell,
Unable alike to retard or impel,
The crisis assign'd to us all.

Then banish to-morrow, its hopes and its fears,
To-day is the prize we have won:
Ere surly old age in its wrinkles appears,
With laughter and love, in your juvenile years
Make sure of the days as they run.

The park and the playhouse *my* presence shall greet,
The opera yield its delight;
Catalani may charm me, but oh! far more sweet,
The musical voice of *Laurette* when we meet
In *tête-à-tête* concert at night.

False looks of denial in vain would she fling,
In vain to some corner be gone;
And if in our kisses I snatch off her ring,
It is to my fancy, a much better thing
Than a kiss after putting one on!

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH

("Horace in London," Book I. Ode IX.)

THE JESTER CONDEMNED TO DEATH

One of the Kings of Scanderoon,
A Royal Jester
Had in his train, a gross buffoon,
Who used to pester
The court with tricks inopportune,
Venting on the highest folks his
Scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes.

It needs some sense to play the fool;
Which wholesome rule
Occurr'd not to our jackanapes,
Who consequently found his freaks
Lead to innumerable scrapes,
And quite as many kicks and tweaks,
Which only seem'd to make him faster
Try the patience of his master.

Some sin at last, beyond all measure,
Incurr'd the desperate displeasure
Of his serene and raging Highness:
Whether the wag had twitch'd his beard,
Which he felt bound to have revered,
Or had intruded on the shyness
Of the seraglio, or let fly
An epigram at royalty,
None knows—his sin was an occult one;
But records tell us that the Sultan,
Meaning to terrify the knave,
Exclaim'd—"'Tis time to stop that breath;
Thy doom is seal'd;—presumptuous slave!
Thou stand'st condemn'd to certain death
Silence, base rebel!—no replying!—
But such is my indulgence still,
That, of my own free grace and will,
I leave to thee the mode of dying."

"Thy royal will be done—'tis just,"
Replied the wretch, and kiss'd the dust;
"Since, my last moments to assuage,
Your Majesty's humane decree
Has deign'd to leave the choice to me,
I'll die, so please you, of old age!"

HORACE SMITH

THE COLLEGIAN AND THE PORTER

At Trin. Col. Cam.—which means, in proper spelling,
Trinity College, Cambridge—there resided
One Harry Dashington—a youth excelling
In all the learning commonly provided
For those who chose that classic station
For finishing their education.
That is—he understood computing
The odds at any race or match;
Was a dead hand at pigeon-shooting;
Could kick up rows—knock down the watch—
Play truant and the rake at random—
Drink—tie cravats—and drive a tandem.

Remonstrance, fine, and rustication,
So far from working reformation,
Seem'd but to make his lapses greater,
Till he was warned that next offence
Would have this certain consequence—
Expulsion from his Alma Mater.

One need not be a necromancer
To guess, that, with so wild a wight,
The next offence occurr'd next night;
When our Incurable came rolling
Home, as the midnight chimes were tolling,
And rang the College Bell. No answer.

The second peal was vain—the third
 Made the street echo its alarum,
When to his great delight he heard
The sordid Janitor, Old Ben,
Rousing and growling in his den.
"Who's there?—I s'pose young Harum-Scarum."
"'Tis I, my worthy Ben—'tis Harry."
"Ay, so I thought—and there you'll tarry.
'Tis past the hour—the gates are closed—
 You know my orders—I shall lose
My place if I undo the door."
"And I" (young Hopeful interposed)
 "Shall be expell'd if you refuse,
So prythee"—Ben began to snore.
"I'm wet," cried Harry, "to the skin,
 Hip! hallo! Ben—don't be a ninny;
 Beneath the gate I've thrust a guinea,
So tumble out and let me in."

"Humph!" growl'd the greedy old curmudgeon,
Half overjoy'd and half in dudgeon,
"Now you may pass; but make no fuss,
 On tip-toe walk, and hold your prate."
"Look on the stones, old Cerberus,"
 Cried Harry as he pass'd the gate,
"I've dropped a shilling—take the light,
"You'll find it just outside—good-night."

Behold the porter in his shirt,
 Dripping with rain that never stopp'd,
Groping and raking in the dirt,
And all without success; but that
Is hardly to be wonder'd at,
 Because no shilling had been dropp'd;
So he gave o'er the search at last,
Regain'd the door, and found it fast!

With sundry oaths, and growls, and groans,
 He rang once—twice—and thrice; and then,
Mingled with giggling, heard the tones
 Of Harry, mimicking old Ben—

"Who's there? 'Tis really a disgrace
To ring so loud—I've lock'd the gate,
I know my duty. 'Tis too late,
You wouldn't have me lose my place!"

"Psha! Mr. Dashington; remember
This is the middle of November,
I'm stripped; 'tis raining cats and dogs"—
"Hush, hush!" quoth Hal, "I'm fast asleep'
And then he snored as loud and deep
As a whole company of hogs.
"But, hark ye, Ben, I'll grant admittance
At the same rate I paid myself."
"Nay, master, leave me half the pittance,"
Replied the avaricious elf.
"No—all or none—a full acquittance;
The terms, I know, are somewhat high;
But you have fix'd the price, not I—
I won't take less; I can't afford it."
So, finding all his haggling vain,
Ben, with an oath and groan of pain,
Drew out the guinea, and restored it.

"Surely you will give me," growl'd the outwitted
Porter, when again admitted,
"Something, now you've done your joking,
For all this trouble, time, and soaking."
"Oh, surely, surely," Harry said,
"Since, as you urge, I broke your rest,
And you're half-drown'd and quite undress'd,
I'll give you," said the generous fellow—
Free, as most people are, when mellow—
"Yes, I'll give you—leave to go to bed!"

HORACE SMITH

THE DONKEY AND HIS PANNIERS

A DONKEY whose talent for burden was wond'rous,
So much that you'd swear he rejoiced in a load,
One day had to jog under panniers so pond'rous,
That—down the poor donkey fell, smack on the road.

His owners and drivers stood round in amaze—
What! Neddy, the patient, the prosperous Neddy,
So easy to drive through the dirtiest ways,
For every description of job-work so ready!

One driver (whom Ned might have "hail'd" as a "brother")
Had just been proclaiming his donkey's renown,
For vigour, for spirit, for one thing or other,—
When, lo, 'mid his praises, the donkey came down.

But, how to upraise him?—One shouts, *t'other* whistles,
While Jenky the conjuror, wisest of all,
Declared that an "over-production" of thistles—
(Here Ned gave a stare)—was the cause of his fall.

Another wise Solomon cries, as he passes,—
"There, let him alone, and the fit will soon cease;
The beast has been fighting with other jack-asses,
And this is his mode of '*transition to peace.*'"

Some looked at his hoofs, and, with learned grimaces,
Pronounced that too long without shoes he had gone—
"Let the blacksmith provide him a *sound metal basis*,
(The wiseacres said), and he's sure to jog on."

But others who gabbled a jargon half Gaelic,
Exclaimed, "Hoot away, mon, you're a' gane astray"—
And declared that "who'er might prefer the *metallic*,
They'd shoe their *own* donkeys with *papier mâché*."

Meanwhile the poor Neddy, in torture and fear,
Lay under his pannier, scarce able to groan,
And—what was still dolefuller—lending an ear
To advisers whose ears were a match for his own.

At length, a plain rustic, whose wit went so far
As to see others' folly, roared out, as he passed—
"Quick—off with the panniers, all dolts as ye are,
Or your prosperous Neddy will soon kick his last."

THOMAS MOORE

RHYMES ON THE ROAD

AND is there then no earthly place
Where we can rest in dream Elysian,
Without some cursed, round English face,
Popping up near, to break the vision?

'Mid northern lakes, 'mid southern vines,
Unholy cits we're doomed to meet;
Nor highest Alps nor Apennines
Are sacred from Threadneedle Street!

If up the Simplon's path we wind,
Fancying we leave this world behind,
Such pleasant sounds salute one's ear
As—"Baddish news from 'Change, my dear—

"The Funds—(phew, curse this ugly hill!)
Are lowering fast—(what! higher still?)
And—(zooks we're mounting up to heaven!)—
Will soon be down to sixty-seven."

Go where we may, rest where we will,
Eternal London haunts us still.
The trash of Almack's or Fleet-Ditch—
And scarce a pin's head difference *which*—
Mixes, though even to Greece we run,
With every rill from Helicon!
And, if this rage for travelling lasts,
If Cockneys, of all sects and castes,
Old maidens, aldermen, and squires,
Will leave their puddings and coal fires,
To gape at things in foreign lands
No soul among them understands—
If Blues desert their coteries,
To show off 'mong the Wahabees—
If neither sex nor age controls,
 Nor fear of Mamelukes forbids
Young ladies, with pink parasols,
 To glide among the pyramids—
Why, then, farewell all hope to find
A spot that's free from London-kind!
Who knows, if to the West we roam,
But we may find some *Blue* "at home"
 Among the *Blacks* of Carolina—
Or, flying to the Eastward, see
Some Mrs. Hopkins, taking tea
 And toast upon the Wall of China!

THOMAS MOORE

LITERARY ADVERTISEMENT

WANTED—Authors of all-work, to job for the season,
No matter which party, so faithful to neither :—
Good hacks, who, if posed for a rhyme or a reason,
Can manage, like . . . , to do without either.

If in gaol, all the better for out-o'-door topics ;
Your gaol is for travellers a charming retreat;
They can take a day's rule for a trip to the Tropics,
And sail round the world, at their ease, in the Fleet.

For Dramatists, too, the most useful of schools—
They may study high life in the King's Bench community ;
Aristotle could scarce keep them more *within rules*,
And of *place* they're at least taught to stick to the *unity*.

Any lady or gentleman comes to an age
To have good "Reminiscences" (threescore or higher),
Will meet with encouragement—so much *per* page,
And the spelling and grammar both found by the buyer.

No matter with *what* their remembrance is stocked,
So they'll only remember the *quantum* desired ;—
Enough to fill handsomely Two Volumes, *oct.*,
Price twenty-four shillings, is all that's required.

They may treat us, like Kelly, with old *jeux-d'esprits*,
Like Reynolds, may boast of each mountebank frolic,
Or kindly inform us, like Madame Genlis,
That gingerbread cakes always give them the colic.

There's nothing at present so popular growing
As your Autobiographers—fortunate elves,
Who manage to know all the best people going,
Without ever having been heard of themselves !

Wanted, also, a new stock of Pamphlets on Corn,
By "Farmers" and "Landholders"—(*gemmen*, whose lands

Enclosed all in bow-pots, their attics adorn,
Or whose share of the soil may be seen on their hands).

No-Popery Sermons, in ever so dull a vein,
Sure of a market;—should they, too, who pen 'em,
Be renegade Papists, like Murtagh O'S-ll-v-n,
Something *extra* allowed for the additional venom.

Funds, Physic, Corn, Poetry, Boxing, Romance,
All excellent subjects for turning a penny;—
To write upon *all* is an author's sole chance
For attaining, at last, the least knowledge of *any*

Nine times out of ten, if his title be good,
His matter within of small consequence is;—
Let him only write fine, and, if not understood,
Why—that's the concern of the reader, not his.

N.B.—A learned Essay, now printing, to show
That Horace (as clearly as words could express it)
Was for taxing the Fundholders, ages ago,
When he wrote thus—"Quodcunque *in Fund is, assess it.*'

THOMAS MOORE

EPITAPH ON A TUFT-HUNTER

Lament, lament, Sir Isaac Heard,
Put mourning round thy page, Debrett,
For here lies one who ne'er preferred
A Viscount to a Marquis yet.

Beside him place the God of Wit,
Before him Beauty's rosiest girls
Apollo for a *star* he'd quit,
And Love's own sister for an Earl's.

Did niggard Fate no peers afford,
 He took, of course, to peer's relations!
And rather than not sport a lord,
 Put up with even the last creations.

Even Irish names, could he but tag 'em
 With "Lord" and "Duke" were sweet to call;
And, at a pitch, Lord Ballyraggum
 Was better than no Lord at all.

Heaven grant him now some noble nook,
 For, rest his soul, he'd rather be
Genteelly damned beside a Duke,
 Than saved in vulgar company.

THOMAS MOORE

ROBIN TAMSON'S SMIDDY

My mither men't my auld breeks,
 An' wow! but they were duddy,
And sent me to get Mally shod
 At Robin Tamson's smiddy;
The smiddy stands beside the burn
 That wimples through the clachan,—
I never yet gae by the door
 But aye I fa' a-laughin'.

For Robin was a walthy carle,
 And had ae bonnie dochter,
Yet ne'er wad let her tak' a man,
 Though mony lads had sought her;
And what think ye o' my exploit?
 The time our mare was shoeing
I slippit up beside the lass,
 An' briskly fell a-wooing.

An' aye she e'ed my auld breeks
 The time that we sat crackin';
Quo' I, my lass, ne'er mind the clouts,
 I've new anes for the makin';

But gin you'll just come hame wi' me,
An' lea' the carle your father,
Ye'se get my breeks to keep in trim,
Mysel' an' a' thegither.

'Deed, lad, quo' she, your offer's fair,
I really think I'll tak' it,
Sae gang awa', get out the mare,
We'll baith slip on the back o't;
For gin I wait my father's time,
I'll wait till I be fifty;
But na, I'll marry in my prime,
An' mak' a wife fu' thrifty.

Wow! Robin was an angry man
At tyning o' his dochter,
Through a' the kintra-side he ran,
An' far an' near he sought her;
But when he cam' to our fire-end,
An' fand us baith thegither,
Quo' I, guidman, I've ta'en your bairn,
An' ye may tak' my mither.

Auld Robin girn'd, and sheuk his pow,
Guid sooth! quo' he, you're merry;
Yet I'll just tak' ye at your word,
An' end this hurry-burry;
So Robin an' our auld wife
Agreed to creep thegither;
Now I hae Robin Tamson's bairn,
An' Robin has my mither.

ALEXANDER RODGER

THE LEGEND OF MANOR HALL

Old Farmer Wall, of Manor Hall,
To market drove his wain:
Along the road it went well stowed
With sacks of golden grain.

His station he took, but in vain did he look
For a customer all the morn,
Though the farmers all, save Farmer Wall,
They sold off all their corn.

Then home he went, sore discontent,
And many an oath he swore,
And he kicked up rows with his children and spouse,
When they met him at the door.

Next market-day he drove away
To the town his loaded wain:
The farmers all, save Farmer Wall,
They sold off all their grain.

No bidder he found and he stood astound
At the close of the market-day,
When the market was done, and the chapmen were gone
Each man his several way.

He stalked by his load along the road;
His face with wrath was red;
His arms he tossed, like a good man crossed
In seeking his daily bread.

His face was red, and fierce was his tread,
And with lusty voice cried he,
"My corn I'll sell to the devil of hell,
If he'll my chapman be."

These words he spoke just under an oak
Seven hundred winters old;
And he straight was aware of a man sitting there
On the roots and grassy mould.

The roots rose high, o'er the green-sward dry,
And the grass around was green,
Save just the space of the stranger's place,
Where it seemed as fire had been.

All scorched was the spot, as gipsy-pot
Had swung and bubbled there:
The grass was marred, the roots were charred,
And the ivy stems were bare.

The stranger up-sprung: to the farmer he flung
A loud and friendly hail,
And he said, "I see well, thou hast corn to sell.
And I'll buy it on the nail."

The twain in a trice agreed on the price;
The stranger his earnest paid,
And with horses and wain to come for the grain
His own appointment made.

The farmer cracked his whip and tracked
His way right merrily on;
He struck up a song as he trudged along,
For joy that his job was done.

His children fair he danced in the air;
His heart with joy was big;
He kissed his wife; he seized a knife,
He slew a sucking pig.

The faggots burned, the porkling turned
And crackled before the fire;
And an odour arose that was sweet in the nose
Of a passing ghostly friar.

He twirled at the pin, he entered in,
He sate down at the board;
The pig he blessed, when he saw it well-dressed.
And the humming ale out-poured.

The friar laughed, the friar quaffed,
He chirped like a bird in May;
The farmer told how his corn he had sold
As he journeyed home that day.

The friar he quaffed, but no longer he laughed,
He changed from red to pale:
"Oh, helpless elf! 'tis the fiend himself
To whom thou hast made thy sale!"

The friar he quaffed, he took a deep draught;
He crossed himself amain:
"Oh, slave of pelf! 'tis the devil himself
To whom thou hast sold thy grain!

"And sure as the day he'll fetch thee away,
With the corn which thou hast sold,
If thou let him pay o'er one tester more
Than thy settled price in gold."

The farmer gave vent to a loud lament,
The wife to a long outcry;
Their relish for pig and ale had flown;
The friar alone picked every bone,
And drained the flagon dry.

The friar was gone; the morning dawn
Appeared, and the stranger's wain
Came to the hour, with six-horse power,
To fetch the purchased grain.

The horses were black: on their dewy track
Light steam from the ground upcurled;
Long wreaths of smoke from their nostrils broke,
And their tails like torches whirled.

More dark and grim, in face and limb,
Seemed the stranger than before,
As his empty wain, with steeds thrice twain,
Drew up to the farmer's door.

On the stranger's face was a sly grimace,
As he seized the sacks of grain;
And, one by one, till left were none,
He tossed them on the wain.

And slyly he leered as his hand up-reared
A purse of costly mould,
Where, bright and fresh, through a silver mesh,
Shone forth the glittering gold.

The farmer held out his right hand stout,
And drew it back with dread;
For in fancy he heard each warning word
The supping friar had said.

His eye was set on the silver net;
His thoughts were in fearful strife;
When, sudden as fate, the glittering bait
Was snatched by his loving wife.

And, swift as thought, the stranger caught
The farmer his waist around,
And at once the twain and the loaded wain
Sank through the rifted ground.

The gable-end wall of Manor Hall
Fell in ruins on the place:
That stone-heap old the tale has told
To each succeeding race.

The wife gave a cry that rent the sky
At her goodman's downward flight:
But she held the purse fast, and a glance she cast
To see that all was right.

'Twas the fiend's full pay for her goodman grey,
And the gold was good and true;
Which made her declare, that "his dealings were fair,
To give the devil his due."

She wore the black pall for Farmer Wall,
From her fond embraces riven:
But she won the vows of a younger spouse
With the gold which the fiend had given.

Now, farmers, beware what oaths you swear
When you cannot sell your corn;
Lest, to bid and buy, a stranger be nigh,
With hidden tail and horn.

And with good heed, the moral a-read,
Which is of this tale the pith,—
If your corn you sell to the fiend of hell,
You may sell yourself therewith.

And if by mishap you fall in the trap,
Would you bring the fiend to shame,
Lest the tempting prize should dazzle her eyes,
Lock up your frugal dame.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

WRITTEN AFTER SWIMMING FROM SESTOS TO ABYDOS

IF, in the month of dark December,
Leander, who was nightly wont
(What maid will not the tale remember?)
To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont!

If, when the wintry tempest roar'd,
He sped to Hero, nothing loath,
And thus of old thy current pour'd,
Fair Venus! how I pity both!

For *me*, degenerate modern wretch,
Though in the genial month of May,
My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,
And think I've done a feat to-day.

But since he cross'd the rapid tide,
According to the doubtful story,
To woo—and—Lord knows what beside,
And swam for Love, as I for Glory;

'Twere hard to say who fared the best:
Sad mortals! thus the Gods still plague you!
He lost his labour, I my jest;
For he was drowned, and I've the ague.

LORD BYRON

CAUTIONARY VERSES TO YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES

My little dears, who learn to read, pray, early learn to shun
That very silly thing indeed, which people call a pun:
Read Entick's rules, and 'twill be found how simple an offence
It is, to make the self-same sound afford a double sense.

For instance, *ale* may make you *ail*, your *aunt* an *ant* may kill.
You in a *vale* may buy a *veil* and *Bill* may pay the *bill*.
Or if to France your *bark* you steer, at Dover, it may be,
A *peer appears* upon the *pier*, who, blind, still goes to *sea*.

Thus one might say, when to a treat, good friends accept our greeting,
'Tis *meet* that men who *meet* to eat should eat their *meat* when meeting.
Braun on the board's no *bore* indeed, although from *boar* prepared;
Nor can the *fowl*, on which we feed, *foul* feeding be declared.

Thus *one* ripe fruit may be a *pear,* and yet be *pared* again,
And still be *one,* which seemeth rare, until we do explain.
It therefore should be all your aim to speak with ample care:
For who, however fond of game, would choose to swallow *hair?*

A fat man's *gait* may make us smile, who has no *gate* to close;
The farmer sitting on his *style* no stylish person knows.
Perfumers men of *scents* must be; some *Scilly* men are bright;
A *brown* man oft deep *read* we see, a *black* a wicked *wight.*

Most wealthy men good *manors* have, however vulgar they;
And actors still the harder slave the oftener they *play:*
So poets can't the *baize* obtain, unless their tailors choose;
While grooms and coachmen, not in vain, each evening seek the *Mews.*

The *dyer* who by *dying* lives, a dire life maintains;
The glazier, it is known, receives—his profits from his *panes:*
By gardeners *thyme* is *tied,* 'tis true when spring is in its prime;
But *time* or *tide* won't wait for you, if you are *tied* for *time.*

Then now you see, my little dears, the way to make a pun;
A trick which you, through coming years, should sedulously shun.
The fault admits of no defence: for wheresoe'er 'tis found,
You sacrifice the *sound* for *sense:* the sense is never *sound.*

So let your words and actions too, one single meaning prove,
And, just in all you say or do, you'll gain esteem and love.
In mirth and play no harm you'll know, when duty's taste is done;
But parents ne'er should let you go unpunish'd for a pun!

THEODORE HOOK

CLUBS

If any man loves comfort and has little cash to buy it, he
Should get into a *crowded* club—a most *select* society;
While solitude and mutton-cutlets serve *infelix uxor,* he
May have his club (like Hercules) and revel there in luxury.

Yes, *Clubs* knock taverns on the head! e'en Hatchett's
can't demolish them;
Joy grieves to see their magnitude, and *Long* longs to
abolish them,
The *Inns* are *out!* hotels for single men scarce keep alive
on it,
While none but houses that are in the *Family way* thrive
on it!

There's first the Athenæum club, so wise, there's not a
man of it
That has not sense enough for six (in fact, that is the plan
of it):
The very waiters answer you with eloquence Socratical,
And always place the knives and forks in order
mathematical.

Then opposite the *mental* club you'll find the *regi*mental
one,
A meeting made of men of war, and yet a very gentle one;
If *uniform* good living please your palate, here's excess
of it,
Especially at private dinners, when they *make a mess of it!*

E'en Isis has a house in Town! and Cam abandons *her*
city.
The *Master* now hangs out at the United University
In Common Room she gave a route! (a novel freak to hit
upon)
Where Masters gave the Mistresses of Arts no chairs to sit
upon.

The Union Club is quite superb—its best apartment daily is
The lounge of lawyers, doctors, merchants, beaux *cum multis aliis :*
At half-past six, the *joint concern,* for eighteen pence, is given you—
Half-pints of port are sent in *ketchup bottles* to enliven you!

The travellers are in Pall Mall, and smoke cigars so cosily,
And dream they climb the highest Alps, or rove the plains of Moselai;
The world for them has nothing new, they have explor'd all parts of it,
And now they are club-footed! and they sit and look at charts of it.

The Orientals homeward bound, now seek their clubs much sallower,
And while they eat green fat, they find their own fat growing yellower:
Their soup is made *more savoury,* till bile to shadows dwindles 'em.
And Messrs. Savory and Moore with seidlitz draughts rekindles 'em.

There are clubs where persons Parliamentary preponderate,
And clubs for men *upon the turf*—(I wonder they aren't *under it*)—
Clubs where the *winning ways* of *sharper* folks pervert the *use* of clubs,
Where *knaves* will make subscribers cry, "Egad, this is the *deuce* of clubs."

For country Squires the only club in London now, is Boodle's, sir,
The Crockford club for playful men, the Alfred club for noodles, sir;
These are the stages which all men propose to play their parts upon,
For *clubs* are what the Londoners have clearly set their *hearts* upon.

THEODORE HOOK

MR. BARNEY MAGUIRE'S ACCOUNT OF THE CORONATION

Air: "*The Groves of Blarney.*"

Och! the Coronation! what celebration
For emulation can with it compare?
When to Westminster the Royal Spinster,
And the Duke of Leinster, all in order did repair!
'Twas there you'd see the New Polishemen
Making a skrimmage at half after four,
And the Lords and Ladies, and the Miss O'Gradys
All standing round before the Abbey door.

Their pillows scorning, that self-same morning,
Themselves adorning, all by the candle-light,
With roses and lilies, and daffy-down-dillies,
And gould and jewels, and rich di'monds bright.
And then approaches five hundred coaches,
With General Dullbeak.—Och! 'twas mighty fine
To see how asy bould Corporal Casey,
With his sword drawn, prancing made them kape the line.

Then the Guns' alarums, and the King of Arums,
All in his Garters and his Clarence shoes,
Opening the massy doors to the bould Ambassydors.
The Prince of Potboys, and great haythen Jews;
'Twould have made you crazy to see Esterhazy
All jools from his jasey to his di'mond boots,
With Alderman Harmer and that swate charmer,
The famale heiress, Miss Anjā-ly Coutts.

And Wellington, walking with his swoord drawn, talking
To Hill and Hardinge, haroes of great fame:
And Sir de Lacy, and the Duke Dalmasey,
(They call'd him Sowlt afore he changed his name,)
Themselves presading Lord Melbourne, lading
The Queen, the darling, to her royal chair,
And that fine ould fellow the Duke of Pell-Mello,
The Queen of Portingal's Chargy-de-fair.

Then the Noble Prussians, likewise the Russians,
In fine laced jackets with their goulden cuffs,
And the Bavarians, and the proud Hungarians,
And Everythingarians all in furs and muffs.
Then Misthur Spaker, with Misthur Pays the Quaker
All in the Gallery you might persave;
But Lord Brougham was missing, and gone a-fishing,
Ounly crass Lord Essex would not give him lave.

There was Baron Alten himself exalting,
And Prince von Schwartzenberg, and many more,
Och! I'd be bother'd, and entirely smother'd
To tell the half of 'em was to the fore;
With the swate Peeresses in their crowns and dresses,
And Aldermanesses, and the Boord of Works;
But Mehemet Ali said, quite gintaly,
"I'd be proud to see the likes among the Turks!"

Then the Queen, Heaven bless her! och! they did dress her
In her purple garaments and her goulden crown;
Like Venus or Hebe, or the Queen of Sheby,
With eight young ladies houlding up her gown.
Sure 'twas grand to see her, also for to he-ar
The big drums bating, and the trumpets blow,
And Sir George Smart! Oh! he played a consarto,
With his four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row!

Then the Lord Archbishop held a goulden dish up,
For to resave her bounty and great wealth,
Saying, "Plase your Glory, great Queen Vic-tory!
Ye'll give the Clargy lave to dhrink your health!"
Then his Riverence retrating, discoorsed the mating;
"Boys! Here's your Queen! deny it if you can!
And if any bould traitour, or infarior craythur,
Sneezes at that, I'd like to see the man!"

Then the Nobles kneeling to the Pow'rs appealing,
"Heaven send your Majesty a glorious reign!"
And Sir Claudius Hunter he did confront her,
All in his scarlet gown and goulden chain.

The great Lord May'r, too, sat in his chair, too,
But mighty sarious, looking fit to cry,
For the Earl of Surrey, all in his hurry,
Throwing the thirteens, hit him in the eye.

Then there was preaching, and good store of speeching,
With Dukes and Marquises on bended knee:
And they did splash her with raal Macasshur,
And the Queen said, "Ah! then thank ye all for me!"
Then the trumpets braying, and the organ playing,
And sweet trombones, with their silver tones;
But Lord Rolle was rolling;—'twas mighty consoling
To think his Lordship did not break his bones!

Then the crames and custard, and the beef and mustard
All on the tombstones like a poultherer's shop;
With lobsters and white-bait, and other swate-meats,
And wine and nagus, and Imperial Pop!
There was cakes and apples in all the Chapels,
With fine polonies and rich mellow pears,—
Och! the Count Von Strogonoff, sure he got prog enough,
The sly ould Divil, undernathe the stairs.

Then the cannons thunder'd, and the people wonder'd,
Crying, "God save Victoria, our Royal Queen!"—
—Och! if myself should live to be a hundred,
Sure it's the proudest day that I'll have seen!
And now I've ended, what I pretended,
This narration splendid in swate poe–thry,
Ye dear bewitcher, just hand the pitcher,
Faith, it's myself that's getting mighty dhry.

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM
("Thomas Ingoldsby")

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS

The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
Bishop and abbot and prior were there;
Many a monk, and many a friar,
Many a knight, and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree,—
In sooth a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
Never, I ween, Was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims.

In and out Through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;
Here and there Like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cakes, And dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet, and pall,
Mitre and crosier! he hopp'd upon all!
With saucy air, He perch'd on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peer'd in the face Of his Lordship's Grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
"We two are the greatest folks here to-day!"
And the priests, with awe, As such freaks they saw,
Said, "The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw."

The feast was over, the board was clear'd,
The flawns and the custards had all disappear'd,
And six little Singing-boys,—dear little souls!
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
Came, in order due, Two by two
Marching that great refectory through!
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Emboss'd and fill'd with water, as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,

Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water, and eau de Cologne,
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
One little boy more A napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white:
From his finger he draws His costly turquoise;
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight By the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

There's a cry and a shout, And a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turn'd inside out;
The friars are kneeling, And hunting, and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew Off each plum-colour'd shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view;
He peeps and he feels In the toes and the heels;
They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the plates,—
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,
—They turn up the rugs, They examine the mugs:—
But no!—no such thing; —They can't find THE RING!
And the Abbot declared that, "when nobody twigg'd it,
Some rascal or other had popp'd in and prigg'd it!"

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He call'd for his candle, his bell, and his book!
In holy anger and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying,
He cursed him in living, he cursed him dying!—
Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise To no little surprise,
Nobody seem'd one penny the worse!

The day was gone, The night came on,
The Monks and the Friars they search'd till dawn;
When the sacristan saw, On crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw!
No longer gay, As on yesterday;
His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong way;—
His pinions droop'd—he could hardly stand,—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
His eye so dim, So wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried "THAT'S HIM!—
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's Ring!"
The poor little Jackdaw, When the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
And turn'd his bald head, as much as to say;
"Pray be so good as to walk this way!"
Slower and slower He limped on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
Where the first thing they saw, 'Midst the sticks and the straw,
Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;
The mute expression Served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!
—When those words were heard, That poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd,
He grew sleek, and fat, In addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!
His tail waggled more Even than before;
But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,
No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair.
He hopp'd now about With a gait devout;
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seem'd telling the Confessor's beads.
If any one lied,—or if any one swore,—
Or slumber'd in prayer-time and happen'd to snore,
That good Jackdaw, Would give a great "Caw,"
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"
While many remark'd, as his manners they saw,
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"
He long lived the pride Of that country side,
And at last in the odour of sanctity died;
When, as words were too faint, His merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint;
And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow.

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM
("Thomas Ingoldsby")

MISADVENTURES AT MARGATE

A LEGEND OF JARVIS'S JETTY

MR. SIMPKINSON (*loquitur*)

'Twas in Margate last July, I walk'd upon the pier,
I saw a little vulgar Boy—I said, "What make you here?
The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks anything but joy;"
Again I said, "What make you here, you little vulgar Boy?"

He frown'd, that little vulgar Boy—he deem'd I meant to scoff—
And when the little heart is big, a little "sets it off."
He put his finger in his mouth, his little bosom rose,—
He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose!—

"Hark! don't you hear, my little man?—it's striking Nine," I said,
"An hour when all good little boys and girls should be in bed.
Run home and get your supper, else your Ma' will scold —Oh! fie!
It's very wrong indeed for little boys to stand and cry!"

The tear-drop in his little eye again began to spring,
His bosom throbb'd with agony,—he cried like anything!
I stooped, and thus amidst his sobs I heard him murmur —"Ah!
I haven't got no supper! and I haven't got no Ma'! !—

"My father, he is on the seas—my mother's dead and gone!
And I am here, on this here pier, to roam the world alone;
I have not had, this live-long day, one drop to cheer my heart,
Nor '*brown*' to buy a bit of bread with,—let alone a tart.

"If there's a soul will give me food, or find me in employ,
By day or night, then blow me tight!" (he was a vulgar Boy;)

'And now I'm here, from this here pier it is my fixed intent
To jump, as Mister Levi did from off the Monu-ment!"

"Cheer up! Cheer up! my little man—cheer up," I kindly said,
"You are a naughty boy to take such things into your head:
If you should jump from off the pier, you'd surely break your legs,
Perhaps your neck—then Bogey'd have you, sure as eggs are eggs!

"Come home with me, my little man, come home with me and sup;
My landlady is Mrs. Jones—we must not keep her up—
There's roast potatoes at the fire,—enough for me and you—
Come home, you little vulgar Boy—I lodge at Number 2."

I took him home to Number 2, the house beside "The Foy";
I bade him wipe his dirty shoes,—that little vulgar Boy,—
And then I said to Mistress Jones, the kindest of her sex,
"Pray be so good as go and fetch a pint of double X."

But Mrs. Jones was rather cross, she made a little noise,
She said she "did not like to wait on little vulgar Boys."
She with her apron wiped the plates, and as she rubbed the delf
Said I might "go to Jericho, and fetch my beer myself!"

I did not go to Jericho—I went to Mr. Cobb*
I changed a shilling—(which in town the people call "a Bob")—
It was not so much for myself as for that vulgar child—
And I said, "A pint of double X, and please to draw it mild!"—

* Qui facit per alium, facit per se.—Deem not, gentle stranger, that Mr. Cobb is a petty dealer and chapman, as Mr. Simpkinson would here seem to imply. He is a *maker*, not a retailer of Stingo,—and mighty pretty tipple he *makes*.

When I came back I gazed about—I gazed on stool and chair—
I could not see my little friend—because he was not there!
I peep'd beneath the table-cloth—beneath the sofa too—
I said, "You little vulgar Boy! why what's become of you?"

I could not see my table-spoons—I look'd, but could not see
The little fiddle-pattern'd ones I use when I'm at tea;
—I could not see my sugar-tongs—my silver watch—oh, dear!
I know 'twas on the mantelpiece when I went out for beer.

I could not see my Mackintosh—it was not to be seen:—
Nor yet my best white beaver hat, broad-brimm'd and lined with green;
My carpet-bag—my cruet-stand, that holds my sauce and soy,—
My roast potatoes!—all are gone! and so's that vulgar Boy!

I rang the bell for Mrs. Jones, for she was down below,
"Oh, Mrs. Jones! what *do* you think?—ain't this a pretty go?—
—That horrid little vulgar Boy whom I brought here to-night,
—He's stolen my things and run away!!" says she, "And sarve you right!!"

Next morning I was up betimes—I sent the Crier round,
All with his bell and gold-laced hat, to say I'd give a pound
To find that little vulgar Boy, who'd gone and used me so;
But when the Crier cried, "O yes!" the people cried, "O no!"

I went to "Jarvis' Landing-place," the glory of the town,
There was a common Sailor-man a-walking up and down,
I told my tale—he seem'd to think I'd not been treated well,
And called me "Poor old Buffer!"—what that means I cannot tell.

That Sailor-man he said he'd seen that morning on the shore,
A son of—something—'twas a name I'd never heard before,
A little "gallows-looking chap"—dear me; what could he mean?
With a "carpet-swab" and "muckingtogs," and a hat turned up with green.

He spoke about his "precious eyes," and said he'd seen him "sheer,"
—It's very odd that Sailor-men should talk so very queer—
And then he hitch'd his trousers up, as is, I'm told, their use,
—It's very odd that Sailor-men should wear those things so loose.

I did not understand him well, but I think he meant to say
He'd seen that little vulgar Boy, that morning swim away
In Captain Large's *Royal George*, about an hour before,
And they were now, as he supposed, "some*wheres*" about the Nore.

A landsman said, "I *twig* the chap—he's been upon the Mill—
And 'cause he *gammons* so the *flats*, ve calls him Veeping Bill!
He said, "he'd done me wery brown," and nicely "*stow'd* the *swag*,"
—That's French, I fancy, for a hat—or else a carpet-bag.

I went and told the constable my property to track;
He ask'd me if "I did not wish that I might get it back?"
I answered, "To be sure I do—it's what I'm come about:
He smiled and said, "Sir, does your mother know that you are out?"

Not knowing what to do, I thought I'd hasten back to town,
And beg our own Lord Mayor to catch the Boy who'd "done me brown."

His Lordship very kindly said he'd try and find him out,
But he rather thought that there were several vulgar boys about.

He sent for Mr. Withair then, and I describ'd "the swag,"
My Macintosh, my sugar-tongs, my spoons and carpet-bag;
He promised that the New Police should all their powers employ!
But never to this hour have I beheld that vulgar Boy!

MORAL.

Remember, then, what when a boy I've heard my Grandma' tell,
"BE WARN'D IN TIME BY OTHERS' HARM, AND YOU SHALL DO FULL WELL!"
Don't link yourself with vulgar folks, who've got no fixed abode,
Tell lies, use naughty words, and say "they wish they may be blow'd!"

Don't take too much of double X!—and don't at night go out
To fetch your beer yourself, but make the pot-boy bring your stout!
And when you go to Margate next, just stop, and ring the bell,
Give my respects to Mrs. Jones, and say I'm pretty well!

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM
("Thomas Ingoldsby")

VERSES ON A CAT

A CAT in distress,
Nothing more nor less;
Good folks, I must faithfully tell ye,
As I am a sinner,
It waits for some dinner
To stuff out its own little belly.

You would not easily guess
All the modes of distress
Which torture the tenants of earth;
And the various evils,
Which like so many devils,
Attend the poor souls from their birth.

Some a living require,
And others desire
An old fellow out of the way;
And which is the best
I leave to be guessed,
For I cannot pretend to say.

One wants society,
Another variety,
Others a tranquil life;
Some want food,
Others, as good,
Only want a wife.

But this poor little cat
Only wanted a rat,
To stuff out its own little maw;
And it were as good
Some people had such food,
To make them *hold their jaw!*

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY



THE MAN WITH A TUFT

I EVER at college
From commoners shrank,
Still craving the knowledge
Of people of rank:
In my glass my lord's ticket
I eagerly stuffed;
And all called me "Riquet,"
The man with the Tuft.

My patron! most noble!
Of highest degree!
Thou never canst probe all
My homage for thee!
Thy hand—oh! I'd lick it,
Though often rebuff'd;
And still I am "Riquet,"
The man with the Tuft!

Too oft the great, shutting
Their doors on the bold,
Do deeds that are cutting,
Say words that are cold!
Through flattery's wicket
My body I've stuff'd,
And *so* I am "Riquet,"
The man with the Tuft!

His lordship's a poet,
Enraptured I sit;
He's dull—(and I know it)—
I call him a wit!
His fancy, I nick it,
By me he is puff'd,
And still I am "Riquet,"
The man with the Tuft!

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY

THE BOY AT THE NORE

"Alone I did it !—Boy !"—CORIOLANUS

I say, little Boy at the Nore,
Do you come from the small Isle of Man ?
Why, your history a mystery must be,—
Come tell us as much as you can,
Little Boy at the Nore !

You live, it seems, wholly on water,
Which your Gambier calls living in clover ;—
But how comes it, if that is the case,
You're eternally half seas over,
Little Boy at the Nore ?

While you ride—while you dance—while you float—
Never mind your imperfect orthography ;—
But give us as well as you can,
Your watery auto-biography,
Little Boy at the Nore !

LITTLE BOY AT THE NORE (*loquitur*)

I'm the tight little Boy at the Nore,
In a sort of sea-negus I dwells,
Half and half 'twixt salt water and port ;
I'm reckoned the first of the swells—
I'm the Boy at the Nore !

I lives with my toes to the flounders,
And watches through long days and nights ;
Yet, cruelly eager, men look—
To catch the first glimpse of my lights—
I'm the Boy at the Nore !

I never gets cold in the head,
So my life on salt water is sweet ;
I think I owes much of my health
To being well used to wet feet—
As the Boy at the Nore

There's one thing, I'm never in debt—
Nay! I liquidates more than I *oughter;*
So the man to beat Cits as goes by,
In keeping the head above water,
Is the Boy at the Nore!

I've seen a good deal of distress,
Lots of breakers in Ocean's *Gazette;*
They should do as I do—rise o'er all,
Ay, a good floating capital get,
Like the Boy at the Nore!

I'm a'ter the sailor's own heart,
And cheers him, in deep water rolling;
And the friend of all friends to Jack Junk,
Ben Backstay, Tom Pipes, and Tom Bowling,
Is the Boy at the Nore!

Could I e'er grow up, I'd be off
For a week to make love with my wheedles;
If the tight little Boy at the Nore
Could but catch a nice girl at the Needles,
We'd have *two* at the Nore.

They thinks little of sizes on water,
On big waves the tiny one skulks—
While the river has men-of-war on it—
Yes—the Thames is oppressed with great hulks,
And the Boy's at the Nore!

But I've done—for the water is heaving
Round my body as though it would sink it!
And I've been so long pitching and tossing,
That sea-sick—you'd hardly now think it—
Is the Boy at the Nore!

THOMAS HOOD

A FEW LINES ON COMPLETING FORTY-SEVEN

When I reflect, with serious sense,
While years and years run on,
How soon I may be summoned hence—
There's cook a-calling John.

Our lives are built so frail and poor,
On sand, and not on rocks,
We're hourly standing at Death's door—
There's some one double-knocks.

All human days have settled terms,
Our fates we cannot force;
This flesh of mine will feed the worms—
They're come to lunch, of course.

And when my body's turned to clay,
And dear friends hear my knell,
Oh, let them give a sigh and say—
I hear the upstairs bell.

THOMAS HOOD

I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN

Double, single, and the rub.—HOYLE
This, this is Solitude.—BYRON

Well, I confess, I did not guess
A simple marriage vow
Would make me find all women-kind
Such unkind women now!
They need not, sure, as *distant* be
As Java or Japan,—
Yet every Miss reminds me this—
I'm not a single man!

Once they made choice of my bass voice
To share in each duet;
So well I danced, I somehow chanced
To stand in every set:
They now declare I cannot sing,
And dance on Bruin's plan;
Me draw!—me paint!—me any thing!—
I'm not a single man!

Once I was asked advice, and asked
What works to buy or not,
And "would I read that passage out
I so admired in Scott?"
They then could bear to hear one read;
But if I now began,
How they would snub, "My pretty page,"—
I'm not a single man!

One used to stitch a collar then,
Another hemmed a frill;
I had more purses netted then
Than I could hope to fill,
I once could get a button on,
But now I never can—
My buttons then were Bachelor's—
I'm not a single man!

Oh, how they hated politics
Thrust on me by papa:
But now my chat—they all leave that
To entertain mamma.
Mamma, who praises her own self,
Instead of Jane or Ann,
And lays "her girls" upon the shelf—
I'm not a single man!

Ah me, how strange it is the change,
In parlour and in hall,
They treat me so, if I but go
To make a morning call,

If they had hair in papers once,
 Bolt up the stairs they ran;
They now sit still in dishabille—
 I'm not a single man!

Miss Mary Bond was once so fond
 Of Romans and of Greeks;
She daily sought my cabinet
 To study my antiques.
Well, now she doesn't care a dump
 For ancient pot or pan,
Her taste at once is modernized—
 I'm not a single man!

My spouse is fond of homely life,
 And all that sort of thing;
I go to balls without my wife,
 And never wear a ring:
And yet each Miss to whom I come,
 As strange as Genghis Khan,
Knows by some sign, I can't divine—
 I'm not a single man!

Go where I will, I but intrude,
 I'm left in crowded rooms,
Like Zimmerman on Solitude,
 Or Hervey at his Tombs.
From head to heel, they make me feel
 Of quite another clan;
Compelled to own though left alone—
 I'm not a single man!

Miss Towne the toast, though she can boast
 A nose of Roman line,
Will turn up even that in scorn
 At compliments of mine:
She should have seen that I have been
 Her sex's partisan,
And really married all I could—
 I'm not a single man!

'Tis hard to see how others fare,
Whilst I rejected stand,—
Will no one take my arm because
They cannot have my hand?
Miss Parry, that for some would go
A trip to Hindostan,
With me don't care to mount a stair—
I'm not a single man!

Some change, of course, should be in force,
But, surely, not so much—
There may be hands I may not squeeze,
But must I never touch?
Must I forbear to hand a chair
And not pick up a fan?
But I have been myself picked up—
I'm not a single man!

Others may hint a lady's tint
Is purest red and white—
May say her eyes are like the skies
So very blue and bright—
I must not say that she *has eyes*,
Or if I so began,
I have my fears about my ears—
I'm not a single man!

I must confess I did not guess
A simple marriage vow,
Would make me find all women-kind
Such unkind women now;
I might be hashed to death, or smashed,
By Mr. Pickford's van,
Without, I fear, a single tear—
I'm not a single man!

THOMAS HOOD

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S MOTTO

"The Admiral compelled them all to strike."—
LIFE OF NELSON

HUSH! silence in school—not a noise!
You soon shall see there's nothing to jeer at,
Master Marsh, most audacious of boys!
Come!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

So this morn in the midst of the Psalm
The Miss Siffkins's school you must leer at,
You're complained of—sir! hold out your palm—
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

You wilful young rebel and dunce!
This offence all your sins shall appear at,
You shall have a good caning at once—
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

You are backward, you know, in each verb,
And your pronouns you are not more clear at,
But you're forward enough to disturb—
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

You said Master Twig stole the plums,
When the orchard he never was near at,
I'll not punish wrong fingers or thumbs—
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

You make Master Taylor your butt,
And this morning his face you threw beer at,
And you struck him—do *you* like a cut?
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

Little Biddle you likewise distress,
You are always his hair or his ear at—
He's my *Opt*, sir, and you are my *Pess*:
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

Then you had a pitched fight with young Rouse,
An offence I am always severe at!
You discredit to Cicero house!
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

You have made too a plot in the night,
To run off from the school that you rear at!
Come, your other hand, now, sir—the right
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

I'll teach you to draw, you young dog!
Such pictures as I'm looking here at!
"Old Mounseer making soup of a frog,"
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

You have run up a bill at a shop,
That in paying you'll be a whole year at—
You've but twopence a week, sir, to stop!
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

Then at dinner you're quite cock-a-hoop,
And the soup you are certain to sneer at—
I have sipped it—it's very good soup—
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

T'other day when I fell o'er the form,
Was my tumble a thing, sir, to cheer at?
Well for you that my temper's not warm—
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

Why, you rascal! you insolent brat!
All my talking you don't shed a tear at,
There—take that, sir, and that! that! and that!
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

THOMAS HOOD

JOHN TROT

JOHN TROT he was as tall a lad
As York did ever rear—
As his dear Granny used to say,
He'd make a grenadier.

A sergeant soon came down to York,
With ribbons and a frill:
My lads, said he, let broadcast be
And come away to drill.

But when he wanted John to 'list,
In war he saw no fun,
Where what is called a raw recruit
Gets often over-done.

Let others carry guns, said he,
And go to war's alarms,
But I have got a shoulder-knot
Imposed upon my arms.

For John he had a footman's place
To wait on Lady Wye—
She was a dumpy woman, tho'
Her family was high.

Now when two years had passed away,
Her lord took very ill,
And left her to her widowhood,
Of course more dumpy still.

Said John, I am a proper man,
And very tall to see;
Who knows, but now her lord is low,
She may look up at me?

A cunning woman told me once,
Such fortune would turn up;
She was a kind of sorceress,
But studied in a cup!

So he walked up to Lady Wye,
And took her quite amazed,—
She thought, tho' John was tall enough,
He wanted to be raised.

But John—for why? she was a dame
Of such a dwarfish sort—
Had only come to bid her make
Her mourning very short.

Said he, your lord is dead and cold,
You only cry in vain;
Not all the cries of London now
Could call him back again!

You'll soon have many a noble beau,
To dry your noble tears—
But just consider this, that I
Have followed you for years.

And tho' you are above me far,
What matters high degree,
When you are only four foot nine,
And I am six foot three!

For though you are of lofty race,
And I'm a low-born elf;
Yet none among your friends could say,
You matched beneath yourself.

Said she, such insolence as this
Can be no common case;
Tho' you are in my service, sir,
Your love is out of place.

O Lady Wye! O Lady Wye!
Consider what you do;
How can you be so short with me,
I am not so with you!

Then ringing for her serving men,
They showed him to the door;
Said they, you turn out better now,
Why didn't you before?

They stripped his coat, and gave him kicks
For all his wages due,
And off, instead of green and gold,
He went in black and blue.

No family would take him in,
Because of his discharge;
So he made up his mind to serve,
The country all at large.

Huzza! the sergeant cried, and put
The money in his hand,
And with a shilling cut him off
From his paternal land.

For when his regiment went to fight
At Saragossa town,
A Frenchman thought he looked too tall
And so he cut him down.

THOMAS HOOD

THE DEMON SHIP

'TWAS off the Wash—the sun went down—the sea looked black and grim,
For stormy clouds, with murky fleece, were mustering at the brim;
Titanic shades! enormous gloom!—as if the solid night
Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the light!
It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,
With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and sky!

Down went my helm—close reefed—the tack held freely in my hand—
With ballast snug—I put about, and scudded for the land.
Loud hissed the sea beneath her lea—my little boat flew fast,
But faster still the rushing storm came borne upon the blast.
Lord! what a roaring hurricane beset the straining sail!
What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce assaults of hail!
What darksome caverns yawned before! what jagged steeps behind!
Like battle-steeds, with foamy manes, wild tossing in the wind.
Each after each sank down astern, exhausted in the chase,
But where it sank another rose and galloped in its place;
As black as night—they turned to white, and cast against the cloud
A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturned a sailor's shroud:
Still flew my boat; alas! alas! her course was nearly run!
Behold yon fatal billow rise—ten billows heaped in one!
With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling, rolling, fast,
As if the scooping sea contained one only wave at last!
Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift pursuing grave;
It seemed as if some cloud had turned its hugeness to a wave!
It's briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my face—
I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swelling base!

I saw its alpine hoary head impending over mine!
Another pulse—and down it rushed—an avalanche of brine!
Brief pause had I, on God to cry, or think of wife and home;
The waters closed—and when I shrieked, I shrieked below the foam!
Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after deed—
For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless as a weed.

* * * * *

"Where am I?—in the breathing world, or in the world of death?"
With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth of breath;
My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a doubtful sound—
And was that ship a *real* ship whose tackle seemed around?
A moon, as if the earthly moon, was shining up aloft;
But were those beams the very beams that I had seen so oft?
A face, that mocked the human face, before me watched alone;
But were those eyes the eyes of man that looked against my own?

Oh, never may the moon again disclose me such a sight
As met my gaze, when first I looked, on that accursèd night!
I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce extremes
Of fever; and most frightful things have haunted in my dreams—
Hyenas—cats—blood-loving bats—and apes with hateful stare—
Pernicious snakes, and shaggy bulls—the lion and the she-bear—

Strong enemies, with Judas looks, of treachery and spite—
Detested features, hardly dimmed, and banished by the light!
Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstarting from their tombs—
All phantasies and images that flit in midnight glooms—
Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have made me all aghast,—
But nothing like that GRIMLY ONE who stood before the mast!

His cheek was black—his brow was black—his eyes and hair as dark:
His hand was black, and where it touched, it left a sable mark;
His throat was black, his vest the same, and, when I looked beneath,
His breast was black—all, all was black, except his grinning teeth.
His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as Afric slaves'
Oh, horror! e'en the ship was black that ploughed the inky waves!

"Alas!" I cried, "for love of truth and blessed mercy's sake!
Where am I? in what dreadful ship? upon what dreadful lake?
What shape is that so very grim, and black as any coal?
It is Mahound, the Evil One, and he has gained my soul!
Oh, mother dear! my tender nurse! dear meadows that beguiled
My happy days, when I was yet a little sinless child,—
My mother dear—my native fields, I never more shall see
I'm sailing in the Devil's Ship upon the Devil's Sea!"

Loud laughed that SABLE MARINER, and loudly in return
His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from stem to stern—

A dozen pair of grimly cheeks were crumpled on the nonce—
As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out at once;
A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoyed the merry fit,
With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like Demons of the Pit.
They crowed their fill, and then the Chief made answer for the whole;—
"Our skins," said he, "are black, ye see, because we carry coal;
You'll find your mother sure enough, and see your native fields—
For this here ship has picked you up—the Mary Ann of Shields!"

THOMAS HOOD

THE BELLE OF THE BALL-ROOM

"*Il faut juger des femmes depuis la chaussure jusqu'à la coiffure exclusivement, à peu près comme on mesure le poisson entre queue et tête.*—LA BRUYÈRE.

YEARS—years ago, ere yet my dreams
Had been of being wise or witty,—
Ere I had done with writing themes,
Or yawned o'er this infernal Chitty;—
Years—years ago—while all my joy
Was in my fowling-piece and filly,—
In short, while I was yet a boy,
I fell in love with Laura Lily.

I saw her at the County Ball:
There, when the sounds of flute and fiddle
Gave signal sweet in that old hall
Of hands across, and down the middle,

Hers was the subtlest spell by far
 Of all that set young hearts romancing;
She was our queen, our rose, our star;
 And then she danced—O Heaven, her "dancing"

Dark was her hair, her hand was white;
 Her voice was exquisitely tender;
Her eyes were full of liquid light;
 I never saw a waist so slender!
Her every look, her every smile,
 Shot right and left a score of arrows;
I thought 'twas Venus from her isle,
 And wondered where she'd left her sparrows.

She talked—of politics or prayers,—
 Of Southey's prose or Wordsworth's sonnets,—
Of danglers—or of dancing bears,
 Of battles—or the last new bonnets,
By candlelight, at twelve o'clock,
 To me it mattered not a little;
If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
 I might have thought they murmured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
 I loved her with a love eternal;
I spoke her praises to the moon,
 I wrote them to the *Sunday Journal:*
My mother laughed; I soon found out
 That ancient ladies have no feeling:
My father frowned; but how should gout
 See any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a Dean,
 Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
She had one brother, just thirteen,
 Whose colour was extremely hectic;
Her grandmother for many a year
 Had fed the parish with her bounty;
Her second cousin was a peer,
 And Lord Lieutenant of the County.

But titles, and the three per cents.,
And mortgages, and great relations,
And India bonds, and tithes, and rents,
Oh what are they to love's sensations?
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks—
Such wealth, such honours, Cupid chooses;
He cares as little for the Stocks,
As Baron Rothschild for the Muses.

She sketched; the vale, the wood, the beach,
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading:
She botanized; I envied each
Young blossom in her boudoir fading:
She warbled Handel; it was grand;
She made the Catalani jealous:
She touched the organ; I could stand
For hours and hours to blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,
Well filled with all an album's glories;
Paintings of butterflies, and Rome,
Patterns for trimmings, Persian stories;
Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,
Fierce odes to Famine and to Slaughter.
And autographs of Prince Leboo,
And recipes for elder-water.

And she was flattered, worshipped, bored;
Her steps were watched, her dress was noted,
Her poodle dog was quite adored,
Her sayings were extremely quoted;
She laughed, and every heart was glad,
As if the taxes were abolished;
She frowned, and every look was sad,
As if the Opera were demolished.

She smiled on many, just for fun,—
I knew that there was nothing in it:
I was the first—the only one
Her heart had thought of for a minute.—

I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely moulded;
She wrote a charming hand,—and oh!
How sweetly all her notes were folded!

Our love was like most other loves;—
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rose-bud, and a pair of gloves,
And "Fly not yet"—upon the river;
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows,—and then we parted.

We parted; months and years rolled by;
We met again four summers after:
Our parting was all sob and sigh;
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter:
For in my heart's most secret cell
There had been many other lodgers;
And she was not the ball-room's Belle,
But only—Mrs. Something Rogers!

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

MY PARTNER

"There is, perhaps, no subject of more universal interest in the whole range of natural knowledge, than that of the unceasing fluctuations which take place in the atmosphere in which we are immersed."—BRITISH ALMANACK.

AT Cheltenham, where one drinks one's fill
Of folly and cold water,
I danced last year my first quadrille
With old Sir Geoffrey's daughter.
Her cheek with Summer's rose might vie,
When Summer's rose is newest;
Her eyes were blue as autumn's sky,
When autumn's sky is bluest;
And well my heart might deem her one
Of life's most precious flowers,
For half her thoughts were of its sun,
And half were of its showers.

I spoke of Novels:——"Vivian Grey"
Was positively charming,
And "Almack's" infinitely gay,
And "Frankenstein" alarming;
I said "De Vere" was chastely told,
Thought well of "Herbert Lacy,"
Called Mr. Banim's sketches "bold,"
And Lady Morgan's "racy,"
I vowed that last new thing of Hook's
Was vastly entertaining:
And Laura said—"I doat on books,
Because it's always raining!"

I talked of Music's gorgeous fane;
I raved about Rossini,
Hoped Ronzi would come back again,
And criticised Pacini;
I wished the chorus—singers dumb,
The trumpets more pacific,
And eulogised Brocard's *aplomb*,
And voted Paul "terrific"!

What cared she for Medea's pride,
Or Desdemona's sorrow?
"Alas!" My beauteous listener sighed,
"We must have rain to-morrow!"

I told her tales of other lands;
Of ever boiling fountains,
Of poisonous lakes and barren sands,
Vast forests, trackless mountains:
I painted bright Italian skies,
I lauded Persian roses,
Coined similes for Spanish eyes,
And jests for Indian noses:
I laughed at Lisbon's love of mass,
Vienna's dread of treason:
And Laura asked me—where the glass,
Stood, at Madrid, last season.

I broached whate'er had gone its rounds
The week before of scandal;
What made Sir Luke lay down his hounds,
And Jane take up her Handel;
Why Julia walked upon the heath,
With the pale moon above her;
Where Flora lost her false front teeth,
And Anne her falser lover;
How Lord de B. and Mrs L.
Had crossed the sea together;
My shuddering partner cried "*O Ciel!*
How *could* they in such weather?"

Was she a Blue? I put my trust
In strata, petals, gases;
A boudoir-pedant? I discussed
The toga and the fasces;
A Cockney-Muse? I mouthed a deal
Of folly from Endymion;
A Saint? I praised the pious zeal
Of Messrs. Way and Simeon;

A politician ?—it was vain
To quote the morning paper ;
The horrid phantoms came again,
Rain, Hail, and Snow, and Vapour.

Flattery was my only chance :
I acted deep devotion,
Found magic in her every glance,
Grace in her every motion.
I wasted all a stripling's lore,
Prayer, passion, folly, feeling ;
And wildly looked upon the floor,
And wildly on the ceiling.
I envied gloves upon her arm
And shawls upon her shoulder ;
And, when my worship was most warm,—
She—"never found it colder."

I don't object to wealth or land ;
And she will have the giving
Of an extremely pretty hand,
Some thousands, and a living.
She makes silk purses, broiders stools,
Sings sweetly, dances finely,
Paints screens, subscribes to Sunday-Schools,
And sits a horse divinely.
But to be linked for life to her !—
The desperate man who tried it
Might marry a Barometer
And hang himself beside it !

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

MARRIAGE

WHAT, what is Marriage? Harris, Priscian,
Assist me with a definition.—
"Oh!" cries a charming silly fool,
Emerging from her boarding-school—
"Marriage is—love without disguises,
It is a—something that arises
From raptures and from stolen glances,
To be the end of all romances;
Vows—quarrels—moonshine—babes—but hush!
I mustn't have you see me blush."

"Pshaw!" says a modern modish wife,
"Marriage is splendour, fashion, life;
A house in town, and villa shady,
Balls, diamond bracelets, and 'my lady';
Then for finale, angry words,
'Some people's'—'obstinate's'—'absurd's!'
And peevish hearts, and silly heads,
And oaths, and 'bêtes,' and separate beds."

An aged batchelor, whose life
Has just been sweetened with a wife,
Tells out the latest grievance thus:
"Marriage is—odd! for one of us
'Tis worse a mile than rope or tree,
Hemlock, or sword, or slavery;
An end at once to all our ways,
Dismission to the one-horse chaise;
Adieu to Sunday can, and pig,
Adieu to wine, and whist, and wig;
Our friends turn out,—our wife's clapt in;
'Tis 'exit Crony,'—'enter Captain.'
Then hurry in a thousand thorns,—
Quarrels, and compliments,—and horns.
This is the yoke, and I must wear it;
Marriage is—hell, or something near it!"

"Why, marriage," says an exquisite,
Sick from the supper of last night,
"Marriage is—after one by me!
I promised Tom to ride at three.
Marriage is—'gad! I'm rather late.
La Fleur!—my stays! and chocolate!—
Marriage is—really, though, 'twas hard
To lose a thousand on a card;
Sink the old Duchess!—three revokes!
'Gad! I must fell the Abbey Oaks:
Mary has lost a thousand more!—
Marriage is—'gad! a cursed bore!"

Hymen, who hears the blockheads groan,
Rises indignant from his throne,
And mocks their self-reviling tears,
And whispers thus in Folly's ears:
"O frivolous of heart and head!
If strifes infest your nuptial bed,
Not Hymen's hand, but guilt and sin,
Fashion and folly, force them in;
If on your couch is seated Care,
I did not bring the scoffer there;
If Hymen's torch is feebler grown,
The hand that quenched it was your own;
And what I am, unthinking elves,
Ye all have made me for yourselves!"

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

GOOD DRY LODGINGS

ACCORDING TO BÉRANGER, SONGSTER

My dwelling is ample,
And I've set an example
For all lovers of wine to follow;
If my home you should ask,
I have drain'd out a cask,
And I dwell in the fragrant hollow!
A disciple am I of Diogenes—
O! his tub a most classical lodging is!
'Tis a beautiful alcove for thinking;
'Tis, besides, a cool grotto for drinking:
Moreover, the parish throughout
You can readily roll it about.
O the berth
For a lover of mirth
To revel in jokes, and to lodge in ease,
Is the classical tub of Diogenes!

In politics I'm no adept,
And into my tub when I've crept,
They may canvas in vain for my vote.
For besides, after all the great cry and hubbub,
Reform gave no "ten-pound franchise" to my tub:
So your "bill" I don't value a groat!
And as for that idol of filth and vulgarity,
Adored now-a-days, and yclept Popularity.
To my home
Should it come,
And my hogshead's bright aperture darken,
Think not to such summons I'd hearken,
No! I'd say to that goule grim and gaunt,
Vile phantom, avaunt!
Get thee out of my sight!
For thy clumsy opacity shuts out the light
Of the gay glorious sun
From my classical tun.
Where a hater of cant and a lover of fun

Fain would revel in mirth, and would lodge in ease—
The classical tub of Diogenes!

In the park of St. Cloud there stares at you
A fine Grecian statue
Of my liege, the philosopher cynical:
There he stands on a pinnacle,
And his lantern is placed on the ground,
While, with both eyes fixed wholly on
The favourite haunt of Napoleon,
"A *man*," he exclaims, "by the powers, I have found!'
But for me, when at eve I go sauntering
On the boulevards of Athens, "Love" carries my lantern;
And, egad! though I walk most demurely,
For *a man* I'm not looking full surely:
Nay, I'm sometimes brought drunk home,
Like honest Jack Reeve, or like honest Tom Duncombe.
O! the nest
For a lover of jest
To revel in fun, and to lodge in ease,
Is the classical tub of Diogenes.

FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY
("Father Prout")

THE POPE

THE Pope he leads a happy life,
He fears not married care or strife,
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine,
I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.

CHORUS

He drinks the best of Rhenish wine,
I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.

But then all happy's not the life,
He has not maid, nor blooming wife;
Nor child has he to raise his hope—
I would not wish to be the Pope.

The Sultan better pleases me,
His is a life of jollity;
His wives are many as he will—
I would the Sultan's throne then fill.

But even he's a wretched man,
He must obey his Alcoran;
And dares not drink one drop of wine—
I would not change his lot for mine.

So then I'll hold my lowly stand,
And live in German Vaterland;
I'll kiss my maiden fair and fine,
And drink the best of Rhenish wine.

Whene'er my maiden kisses me,
I'll think that I the Sultan be;
And when my cheery glass I tope,
I'll fancy that I am the Pope.

A Bürschen melody, translated by CHARLES LEVER
("Harry Lorrequer")

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE

OR THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY"

A LOGICAL STORY

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And, then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,— lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will,—
Above or below, or within or without,—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
That a chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown:

"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke,—
That was for spokes and floors and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees,
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"
Last of its timber,—they couldn't sell 'em,
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess,
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED;—it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten;—
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.

Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

First of NOVEMBER,—the Earthquake-day,—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavour of mild decay,
But nothing local as one may say.
There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson,—Off went they.
The parson was working his Sunday's text,—
He got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.

First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-horse shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS

I WROTE some lines, once on a time,
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laugh'd as I would die;
Albeit, in a general way,
A sober man am I.

I call'd my servant, and he came;
How kind it was of him,
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb!

"These to the printer," I exclaim'd,
And, in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest),
"There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth; he broke into a roar;
The fifth; his waistband split;
The sixth; he burst the buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

MR. MOLONY'S ACCOUNT OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE

WITH ganial foire
Thransfuse me loyre,
Ye sacred nympths of Pindus,
The whoile I sing
That wondthrous thing,
The Palace made o' windows!

Say, PAXTON, truth,
Thou wondthrous youth,
What sthroke of art celistial,

What power was lint
You to invint
This combineetion cristial.

O would before
That THOMAS MOORE
Likewoise the late LORD BOYRON,
Thim aigles sthrong
Of godlike song,
Cast oi on that cast oiron!

And saw thim walls,
And glittering halls,
Thim rising slendther columns,
Which I, poor pote,
Could not denote,
No, not in twinty vollums.

My Muse's words
Is like the birds
That roosts beneath the panes there;
Her wings she spoils,
'Gainst them bright toiles,
And cracks her silly brains there.

This Palace tall,
This Cristial Hall,
Which Imperors might covet,
Stands in High Park
Like Noah's Ark,
A rainbow bint above it.

The towers and fanes,
In other scaynes,
The fame of this will undo,
Saint Paul's big doom,
Saint Paythers Room,
And Dublin's proud Rotundo.

'Tis here that roams,
As well becomes
Her dignitee and stations,

Victoria Great
And houlds in state
The Congress of the Nations.

Her subjects pours
From distant shores,
Her Injians and Canajians;
And also we,
Her kingdoms three,
Attind with our allagiance.

Here come likewise
Her bould allies,
Both Asian and European;
From East and West
They send their best
To fill her Coornucopean.

I see (thank Grace!)
This wondthrous place
(His Noble Honour Misthur
H. Cole it was
That gave the pass,
And let me see what is there).

With conscious proide
I stud insoide
And look'd the World's Great Fair in,
Until me sight
Was dazzled quite,
And couldn't see for staring.

There's holy saints
And window paints,
By Maydiayval Pugin;
Alhamborough Jones
Did paint the tones
Of yellow and gambouge in.

There's fountains there
And crosses fair;
There's water-gods with urrns;

There's organs three
To play, d'ye see,
"God save the QUEEN," by turrns.

There's statues bright
Of marble white,
Of silver, and of copper;
And some in zinc,
And some, I think,
That isn't over proper.

There's stame Ingynes
That stands in lines,
Enormous and amazing,
That squeal and snort
Like whales in sport,
Or elephants a-grazing.

There's carts and gigs,
And pins for pigs;
There's dibblers and there's harrows,
And ploughs like toys,
For little boys,
And ilegant wheel-barrows.

For thim genteels,
Who ride on wheels,
There's plenty to indulge em;
There's Droskys snug
From Paytersbug
And vayhycles from Bulgium.

There's Cabs on Stands
And Shandthry danns;
There's Waggons from New York here;
There's Lapland sleighs
Have cross'd the seas,
And Jaunting Cyars from Cork here.

Amazed I pass
From glass to glass
Deloighted I survey 'em;
Fresh wondthers grows
Before me nose
In this sublime Musayum!

Look, here's a fan
From far Japan,
A sabre from Damasco:
There's shawls we get
From far Thibet,
And cotton prints from Glasgow.

There's German flutes,
Marocky boots,
And Naples Macaronies;
Bohaymia
Has sent Bohay;
Polonia her polonies.

There's granite flints
That's quite imminse,
There's sacks of coals and fuels,
There's swords and guns,
And soap in tuns,
And Ginger-bread and Jewels.

There's taypots there,
And cannons rare;
There's coffins filled with roses;
There's canvass tints,
Teeth insthrumints,
And shuits of clothes by Moses.

There's lashins more
Of things in store,
But thim I don't remember;
Nor could disclose
Did I compose
From May-time to Novimber!

Ah Judy thrue!
With eyes so blue,
That you were here to view it—
And could I screw
But tu pound tu,
'Tis I would thrait you to it.

So let us raise
Victoria's praise,
And Albert's proud condition,
That takes his ayse
As he surveys
This Cristial Exhibition.

William Makepeace Thackeray

THE KING OF BRENTFORD'S TESTAMENT

The noble King of Brentford
Was old and very sick;
He summon'd his physicians
To wait upon him quick;
They stepp'd into their coaches
And brought their best physick.

They cramm'd their gracious master
With potion and with pill;
They drench'd him and they bled him:
They could not cure his ill.
"Go fetch," says he, "my lawyer,
I'd better make my will."

The monarch's royal mandate
The lawyer did obey;
The thought of six-and-eightpence
Did make his heart full gay.
"What is 't," says he, "your majesty
Would wish of me to-day?"

"The doctors have belaboured me
With potion and with pill;
My hours of life are counted,
O man of tape and quill!
Sit down and mend a pen or two,
I want to make my will.

"O'er all the land of Brentford
I'm lord, and eke of Kew;
I've three-per-cents, and five-per-cents;
My debts are but a few;
And to inherit after me
I have but children two.

"Prince Thomas is my eldest son,
A sober prince is he,
And from the day we breech'd him
Till now he's twenty-three,
He never caused disquiet
To his poor Mamma or me.

"At school they never flogg'd him,
At college though not fast,
Yet his little-go and great-go
He creditably pass'd,
And made his year's allowance
For eighteen months to last.

"He never owed a shilling,
Went never drunk to bed;
He has not two ideas
Within his honest head—
In all respects he differs
From my second son, Prince Ned.

"When Tom has half his income
Laid by at the year's end,
Poor Ned has ne'er a stiver
That rightly he may spend;
But sponges on a tradesman,
Or borrows from a friend.

"While Tom his legal studies
Most soberly pursues,
Poor Ned must pass his mornings
A-dawdling with the Muse:
While Tom frequents his banker,
Young Ned frequents the Jews.

"Ned drives about in buggies,
Tom sometimes takes a 'bus;
Ah! cruel Fate, why made you
My children differ thus?
Why make of Tom a *dullard*,
And Ned a *genius*?"

"You'll cut him with a shilling,"
Exclaimed the man of writs;—
"I'll leave my wealth," said Brentford,
"Sir lawyer, as befits;
And portion both their fortunes
Unto their several wits."

"Your Grace knows best," the lawyer said,
"On your commands I wait,"
"Be silent, Sir," says Brentford,
"A plague upon your prate!
Come, take your pens and paper,
And write as I dictate."

The will as Brentford spoke it,
Was writ and signed and closed;
He bade the lawyer leave him,
And turned him round and dozed;
And next week in the churchyard
The good old king reposed.

Tom, dress'd in crape and hat band,
Of mourners was the chief;
In bitter self-upbraidings
Poor Edward showed his grief;
Tom hid his fat white countenance
In his pocket-handkerchief.

Ned's eyes were full of weeping,
He falter'd in his walk;
Tom never shed a tear,
But onwards he did stalk,
As pompous, black, and solemn
As any catafalque.

And when the bones of Brentford,
That gentle king and just,
With bell and book and candle
Were duly laid in dust,
"Now, gentleman," says Thomas,
"Let business be discussed.

"When late our sire beloved
Was taken deadly ill,
Sir lawyer, you attended him
(I mean to tax your bill);
And as you signed and wrote it,
I prythee read the will."

The lawyer wiped his spectacles,
And drew the parchment out;
And all the Brentford family
Sate eager round about.
Poor Ned was somewhat anxious,
But Tom had ne'er a doubt.

"My son, as I make ready
To seek my last long home,
Some cares I feel for Neddy,
But none for thee, my Tom;
Sobriety and order
You ne'er departed from.

"Ned hath a brilliant genius,
And thou a plodding brain;
On thee I think with pleasure,
On him with doubt and pain."
("You see, good Ned," says Thomas,
"What he thought about us twain.")

"Though small was your allowance,
You saved a little store,
And those who save a little
Shall get a plenty more"
(As the lawyer read this compliment,
Tom's eyes were running o'er).

"The tortoise and the hare, Tom,
Set out at each his pace;
The hare it was the fleeter,
The tortoise won the race;
And since the world's beginning
This ever was the case.

"Ned's genius, blithe and singing,
Steps gaily o'er the ground;
As steadily you trudge it,
He clears it with a bound;
But dulness has stout legs, Tom,
And wind that's wondrous sound.

"O'er fruits and flowers alike, Tom,
You pass with plodding feet;
You heed not one nor t'other,
But onwards go your beat:
While genius stops to loiter
With all that he may meet;

"And ever as he wanders
Will have a pretext fine
For sleeping in the morning,
Or loitering to dine,
Or dozing in the shade,
Or basking in the shine.

"Your little steady eyes, Tom,
Though not so bright as those
That restless round about him
Your flashing genius throws,
Are excellently suited
To look before your nose.

"Thank heaven, then, for the blinkers
It placed before your eyes;
The stupidest are weakest,
The witty are not wise;
Oh, bless your good stupidity,
It is your dearest prize!

"And though my lands are wide,
And plenty is my gold,
Still better gifts from Nature,
My Thomas, do you hold—
A brain that's thick and heavy
A heart that's dull and cold—

"Too dull to feel depression,
Too hard to heed distress,
Too cold to yield to passion
Or silly tenderness.
March on—your road is open
To wealth, Tom, and success.

"Ned sinneth in extravagance,
And you in greedy lust."
("I' faith," says Ned, "our father
Is less polite than just.")
"In you, son Tom, I've confidence,
But Ned I cannot trust.

"Wherefore my lease and copyholds,
My lands and tenements,
My parks, my farms, and orchards,
My houses and my rents;
My Dutch stock and my Spanish stock,
My five and three per cents,

"I leave to you, my Thomas—"
("What, all?" poor Edward said;
"Well, well, I should have spent them,
And Tom's a prudent head")
"I leave to you, my Thomas—
To you, IN TRUST for Ned."

The wrath and consternation
What poet e'er could trace,
That at this fatal passage
Came o'er Prince Tom, his face;
The wonder of the company,
And honest Ned's amaze!

"'Tis surely some mistake,"
Good-naturedly cries Ned;
The lawyer answered gravely,
"'Tis even as I said;
'Twas thus his gracious majesty
Ordain'd on his death-bed.

"See here, the will is witness'd
And here's his autograph;"
"In truth, our father's writing,"
Says Edward, with a laugh;
"But thou shalt not be a loser, Tom,
We'll share it half-and-half."

"Alas! my kind young gentleman,
This sharing may not be;
'Tis written in the testament
That Brentford spoke to me,
'I do forbid Prince Ned to give
Prince Tom a halfpenny.

'He hath a store of money,
But ne'er was known to lend it,
He never help'd his brother,
The poor he ne'er befriended;
He hath no need of property
Who knows not how to spend it.

"'Poor Edward knows but how to spend,
And thrifty Tom to hoard;
Let Thomas be the steward, then,
And Edward be the lord;
And as the honest labourer
Is worthy his reward,

" 'I pray Prince Ned, my second son,
And my successor dear,
To pay to his intendant
Five hundred pounds a year;
And to think of his old father,
And live and make good cheer.' "

Such was old Brentford's honest testament,
He did devise his moneys for the best,
And lies in Brentford church in peaceful rest.
Prince Edward lived, and money made and spent;
But his good sire was wrong, it is confess'd,
To say his son, young Thomas, never lent,
He did. Young Thomas lent at interest,
And nobly took his twenty-five per cent.

Long time the famous reign of Ned endured
O'er Chiswick, Fulham, Brentford, Putney, Kew;
But of extravagance he ne'er was cured.
And when both died, as mortal men will do,
'Twas commonly reported that the steward
Was very much the richer of the two.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

LITTLE BILLEE

THERE were three sailors in Bristol City,
Who took a boat and went to sea.

But first with beef and captain's biscuit,
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was guzzling Jack and gorging Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Bil-*ly*.

Now very soon they were so greedy,
They didn't leave not one split pea.

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
I am confounded hung-*ery.*

Says gorging Jim to guzzling Jacky,
We have no wittles, so we must eat *we.*

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
O gorging Jim, what a fool you be.

There's little Bill as is young and tender,
We're old and tough—so let's eat *he.*

O Bill, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the collar of your chemie.

When Bill he heard this information,
He used his pocket-handkerchee.

O let me say my Catechism,
As my poor mammy taught to me.

Make haste, make haste, says guzzling Jacky,
Whilst Jim pulled out his snicker-snee.

So Bill went up the main top-gallant mast,
When down he fell on his bended knee.

He scarce had said his Catechism,
When up he jumps: "There's land I see.

"There's Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Ameri-*key*

There's the British fleet a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K.C.B."

So when they came to the Admiral's vessel,
He hanged fat Jack, and flogged Jim-*my.*

But as for little Bill, he made him
The Captain of a Seventy-three.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

A BOW STREET BALLAD

BY A GENTLEMAN OF THE FORCE

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY

THERE's in the Vest a city pleasant,
To vich KING BLADUD gev his name,
And in that city there's a Crescent,
Vere dwelt a noble knight of fame.

Although that galliant knight is oldish,
Although SIR JOHN as grey, grey air,
Hage has not made his busum coldish,
His Art still beats tewodds the Fair!

'Twas two years sins, this knight so splendid,
Peraps fateagued with Bath's routines,
To Paris towne his phootsteps bended
In sutch of gayer folks and seans.

His and was free, his means was easy,
A nobler, finer gent than he
Ne'er drove about the Shons-Eleesy,
Or paced the Roo de Rivolee.

A brougham and pair SIR JOHN prowided,
In which abroad he loved to ride;
But ar! he most of all enjoy'd it,
When some one helse was sittin' inside!

That "some one helse" a lovely dame was,
Dear ladies, you will heasy tell—
COUNTESS GRABROWSKI her sweet name was,
A nobler title, ard to spell.

This faymus COUNTESS ad a daughter
Of lovely form and tender art;
A nobleman in marridge sought her,
By name the BARON OF SAINT BART.

Their pashn touched the noble Sir John,
It was so pewer and profound;
Lady Grabrowski he did urge on,
With Hyming's wreath their loves to crownd.

"O, come to Bath, to Lansdowne Crescent,"
Says kind Sir John, "and live with me;
The living there's uncommon pleasant—
I'm sure you'll find the hair agree.

"O, come to Bath, my fair Grabrowski,
And bring your charming girl," sezee;
"The Barring here shall have the ouse-key,
Vith breaksfast, dinner, lunch, and tea.

"And when they've passed an appy winter,
Their opes and loves no more we'll bar;
The marridge-vow they'll enter inter,
And I at Church will be their Par."

To Bath they went to Lansdowne Crescent,
Where good Sir John he did provide
No end of teas, and balls incessant,
And hosses both to drive and ride.

He was so Ospitably busy,
When Miss was late, he'd make so bold
Upstairs to call out, "Missy, Missy,
Come down, the coffy's getting cold!"

But O! 'tis sadd to think such bounties
Should meet with such return as this;
O, Barring of Saint Bart, O, Countess
Grabrowski, and O, cruel Miss!

He married you at Bath's fair Habby,
Saint Bart he treated like a son—
And wasn't it uncommon shabby
To do what you have went and done!

My trembling And amost refewses
To write the charge which Sir John swore
Of which the Countess he ecuses,
Her daughter and her son-in-lore.

My Mews quite blushes as she sings of
The fatle charge which now I quote:
He says Miss took his two best rings off,
And pawned 'em for a tenpun note.

"Is this the child of honest parince,
To make away with folks' best things?
Is this, pray, like the wives of Barrins,
To go and prig a gentleman's rings?"

Thus thought Sir John, by anger wrought on,
And to rewenge his injured cause,
He brought them hup to Mr. Broughton,
Last Vensday veek as ever waws.

If guiltless, how she have been slanderd!
If guilty, wengeance will not fail;
Meanwhile, the lady is remanderd
And gev three hundred pounds in bail.

William Makepeace Thackeray

THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK

Ye Genii of the nation,
Who look with veneration,
And Ireland's desolation onsaysingly deplore;
Ye sons of General Jackson,
Who thrample on the Saxon,
Attend to the thransaction upon Shannon shore.

When William, Duke of Schumbug,
A tyrant and a humbug,
With cannon and with thunder on our city bore,
Our fortitude and valliance
Insthructed his battalions
To rispect the galliant Irish upon Shannon shore.

Since that capitulation,
No city in this nation
So grand a reputation could boast before,
As Limerick prodigious,
That stands with quays and bridges,
And the ships up to the windies of the Shannon shore.

A chief of ancient line,
'Tis William Smith O'Brine,
Reprisints this darling Limerick, this ten years or more:
O the Saxons can't endure
To see him on the flure,
And thrimble at the Cicero from Shannon shore!

This valiant son of Mars
Had been to visit Par's,
That land of Revolution, that grows the tricolor;
And to welcome his return
From pilgrimages furren,
We invited him to tay on the Shannon shore.

Then we summoned to our board
Young Meagher of the sword:
'Tis he will sheathe that battle-axe in Saxin gore;
And Mitchil of Belfast,
We bade to our repast,
To dthrink a dish of coffee on the Shannon shore.

Convaniently to hould
Those patriots so bould,
We tuck the opportunity of Tim Doolan's store;
And with ornamints and banners
(As becomes gintale good manners)
We made the loveliest tay-room upon Shannon's shore.

'Twould binifit your sowls,
To see the butthered rowls,
The sugar-tongs and sangwidges and craim galyore,
And the muffins and the crumpets,
And the band of harp and thrumpets,
To celebrate the sworry upon Shannon shore.

Sure the Imperor of Bohay
Would be proud to dthrink the tay
That Mistress Biddy Rooney for O'Brine did pour;
And, since the days of Strongbow,
There never was such Congo—
Mitchil dthrank six quarts of it—by Shannon shore.

But Clarndon and Corry
Connellan beheld this sworry
With rage and imulation in their black hearts' core;
And they hired a gang of ruffins
To interrupt the muffins,
And the fragrance of the Congo on the Shannon shore

When full of tay and cake,
O'Brine began to spake,
But juice a one could hear him, for a sudden roar
Of a ragamuffin rout,
Began to yell and shout,
And frighten the propriety of Shannon shore.

As Smith O'Brine harangued,
They batthered and they banged:
Tim Doolan's doors and windows, down they tore;
They smashed the lovely windies,
(Hung with muslin from the Indies),
Purshuing of their shindies upon Shannon shore.

With throwing of brickbats,
Drowned puppies, and dead rats,
These ruffin democrats themselves did lower;
Tin kettles, rotten eggs,
Cabbage stalks and wooden legs,
They flung among the patriots of Shannon shore.

O the girls began to scrame,
And upset the milk and crame;
And the honourable gintlemin, they cursed and swore
And Mitchil of Belfast
'Twas he that looked aghast,
When they roasted him in effigy by Shannon shore.

O the lovely tay was spilt
On that day of Ireland's guilt:
Says JACK MITCHIL, "I am kilt! Boys, where's the back door?
'Tis a national disgrace;
Let me go and veil me face!"
And he boulted with quick pace from Shannon shore.

"Cut down the bloody horde!"
Says MEAGHER of the sword,
"This conduct would disgrace any blackamoor";
But the best use TOMMY made
Of his famous blattle blade
Was to cut his own stick from the Shannon shore.

Immortal SMITH O'BRINE
Was raging like a line;
'Twould have done your sowl good to have heard him roar;
In his glory he arose,
And he rush'd upon his foes,
And they hit him on the nose by the Shannon shore.

Then the Futt and the Dthragoons
In squadthrons and platoons,
With their music playing chunes, down upon us bore;
And they bate the rattatoo,
But the Peelers came in view,
And ended the shaloo on the Shannon shore.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

JEAMES OF BUCKLEY SQUARE

A HELIGY

Come all ye gents vot cleans the plate,
Come all ye ladies maids so fair—
Vile I a story vil relate
Of cruel Jeames of Buckley Square.
A tighter lad, it is confesh,
Neer valked with powder in his air,
Or vore a nosegay in his breast,
Than andsum Jeames of Buckley Square.

O Evns! it vas the best of sights,
Behind his Master's coach and pair,
To see our Jeames in red plush tights,
A-driving hoff from Buckley Square.
He well became his hagwilletts,
He cocked his at with *such* a hair;
His calves and viskers *vas* such pets,
That hall loved Jeames of Buckley Square.

He pleased the hup-stairs folks as well,
And o! I vithered with despair,
Misses *vould* ring the parler bell,
And call up Jeames in Buckley Square.
Both beer and sperrits he abhord,
(Sperrits and beer I can't a-bear),
You would have thought he vas a lord
Down in our All in Buckley Square.

Last year, he vispered, "Mary Hann,
Ven I've a under'd pound to spare,
To take a public is my plan,
And leave this hojous Buckley Square."
O how my gentle heart did bound.
To think that I his name should bear,
"Dear Jeames," says I, "I've twenty pound,"
And gev them him in Buckley Square.

Our master vas a City gent,
His name's in railroads everywhere,
And lord, vot lots of letters vent
Betwigst his brokers and Buckley Square.
My JEAMES it was the letters took,
And read 'em all (I think its fair),
And took a leaf from Master's book,
As *hothers* do in Buckley Square.

Encouraged with my twenty pound,
Of which poor *I* was unavare,
He wrote the Companies all round,
And signed hisself from Buckley Square.
And how JOHN PORTER used to grin,
As day by day, share after share,
Came railvay letters pouring in,
"J. PLUSH, Esquire, in Buckley Square."

Our servants' All was in a rage—
Scrip, stock, curves, gradients, bull and bear,
Vith butler, coachman, groom and page,
Vas all the talk in Buckley Square.
But O! imagine vot I felt
Last Vensday veek as ever were;
I gits a letter, which I spelt
"Mis M.A.HOGGINS, Buckley Square."

He sent me back my money true—
He sent me back my lock of air,
And said, "My dear, I bid ajew
To MARY HANN and Buckley Square.
Think not to marry, foolish HANN,
With people who your betters are;
JAMES PLUSH is now a gentleman,
And you—a cook in Buckley Square.

"I've thirty thousand guineas won,
In six short months by genus rare;
You little thought what JEAMES was on,
Poor MARY HANN, in Buckley Square

I've thirty thousand guineas net,
Powder and plush I scorn to vear;
And so Miss Mary Hann, forget
For hever Jeames, of Buckley Square."

[*The rest of this MS. is illegible, being literally washed away in a flood of tears.*]

William Makepeace Thackeray

BAYONET AND CHISEL

A SENTIMENTAL NARRATION

I passed the Palace in the Park,
In sooth it was a weary trudge,
The snow with trampled mud was dark
And all was slide and slush and sludge,
Wherein I greatly feared to lose
My nice new Yankee overshoes.

I kept at distance from the dome
Where dwells our Sovereign (when at home),
Because I thought my short way home
Was Birdcage Walk, of old renown.
But I could see (and therefore state)
Two men stood near that Palace gate.

One was the sentry—on his head
The fabled skin that warms the bear.
He ceased awhile his measured tread,
And watched the other working there.
For this, a sculptor, chiselled what
He thought adornment. I thought not.

A huge tarpaulin sound and black
 Shrouded the artist like a cloak
The sentry leant his manly back
 Against his box, and thus he spoke—
At least 'twas thus to Fancy's ear;
For I was too far off to hear :—

"My friend, whose skilful plastic art
 Creates such graces out of stone,
I feel a certain pang at heart
 When thou art gone and I'm alone,
That thou can'st do such things as these,
While I can only stand at ease.

"Mine was a country life, my friend
 Away from art and all its lore,
Until kind Fortune deigned to send
 Recruiting Sergeant Henry Moore.
He came—I drank—I took his fee,
And am the soldier that you see.

"Yet do not think I speak in spite,
 Or envy thee thy well-earned gains,
For that I know would not be right,
 (Thanks to our pious chaplain's pains);
And warmly I appreciate
Thy work upon our Sovereign's gate."

He ceased. His artist friend replied—
 Fancy, once more, the short-writer—
"Soldier, thou speakest, by my side,
 Words that do honour to a mitre,
And I am proud to hear thy lip
Commend the ornaments I chip.

"Yet do not mourn, thou gallant heart;
 Our ways in two directions run—
Thou in grand deeds to bear a part,
 I to record them when they're done.
And yet 'tis pleasant, friends, to feel
We're fellow-workers with the Steel.

"And when thy Bagnet, in the flank
Of Russian slaves, has bid them flee,
This humble chisel, friend, may clank
To bid some marble speak of thee.
And thus, though each in different way,
Are we not colleagues—Brother—say?"

Thus Fancy deemed that at their stations,
The Sculptor and the Soldier talked.
But briefer were their observations
As heard by one who nearer walked,
Soldier: "That blessed wind is Eastly."
Artist: "Confound the day—its Beastly.

SHIRLEY BROOKS

A VISION OF SIREN SOUP

THE Alderman woke from his nightmare, howling a terrible cry:
Punched his wife's face with his elbow: at morning she had a black eye:
Started the lady in terror, giving a species of scream,
And this was old Blogg's apology, this the account of his dream:—

"Sally, I'm blest if our Sammy, next time he comes home from School,
Tells them there stories at supper, I'll take and I'll wop the young fool.
What was his call for relating things that I'll swear isn't fax,
How Mr. Whatshisname bunged up the ears of them sailors with wax.

"How them young females like mermaids had petticoats
all made of scales:
The schoolmasters ought to be towelled for filling boy's
heads with such tales,
And how they sang songs for seducing the crews of the
ships as they passed,
And this cove kept himself from their clutches by getting
tied up to a mast.

"I suppose as I mixed up together Sam's anecdotes
touching them drabs
With my sausages, kidney, Welsh rabbit, Scotch ale,
scolloped oysters, and crabs,
Or whatever beside I'd for supper, a meal no Alderman
misses,
And I dreamt, Sal, as I was the party—the name I
remember—Ulysses.

"I dreamt I was sailing the ocean, enjoying the motion
uncommon
(You know what I'd soon a-been doing at sea, was I
waking, old 'oman),
And what did I see on a rock (it's as true as a sermon in
church),
Why, one of the liveliest turtles as ever flapped fin at old
Birch.

"But, Sal, he worn't laying discreet, like a babe with a
shell for it's bed,
A-waiting with proper decorum till somebody cut off his
head;
But with him a codfish and wenison, all balancing up on
their end,
And playing on music, and calling me, just as if I was
their friend.

"Nice kind of impident critters;" says I to a sailor or two;
"I'll just take a swim to them rocks, and astonish the
rascals a few;

Just fancy me saying it, Sally, and talking of swimming so fine,
That haven't once taken a bath since the year 1809.

"And, by Gog, I was going to do it, regardless of wetting my togs,
The wittles kep bleating and crying: 'Come here, Mr. Alderman Bloggs!'
When the sailors they clutched at my collar, with knuckles so bony and big,
And held me as tight as policemen keep hold of a slippery prig.

"It was no use my bawling and scolding, for just at that minuteagain
That Sammy's infernal description came back to bewilder my brain:
Their ears were all full of red sealing-wax—some one had dropped it in hot,
And sealed it with domine dirrigee—what's on the Mayor's silver pot.

"Then all the impident critters they flopped all at once in the sea,
And with their windictive mouths open, came swimming to get hold of me,
And making all queer kinds of noises, they swarmed up the side of the boat,
And I felt their wet flappers and noses, beginning to get at my throat.

"So then I bawled out in my terror, the thing having got past a joke,
And striking out fiercely at random, I'm happy to say as I woke."
To all of which instructive narration his Lady vouchsafed no reply;
But with what she called Odeur-Cologney sat sulkily dabbing her eye.

SHIRLEY BROOKS

THE POLICEMAN'S TEAR

AGAINST the rails he leant,
To take a last fond look,
At the kitchen he was petted in,
And the open-handed cook.
He heard the pretty housemaid read—
"The Guards will soon be here,"
And the Peeler turned his bracelet round,
And wiped away a tear.

He thought on beef and pickles,
On the lobster and the crab,
And the other dainties that the Force
So well knows how to grab.
He thought of Susan's sixpences,
Of Sarah's supper-beer,
And the Peeler turned his bracelet round,
And wiped away a tear.

For the Guards, the Guards are coming—
A week, and we shall find
His nose put not less out of joint
Than our larder, when he'd dined.
Cousins from the Crimea
With his rights will interfere—
No wonder that the Peeler sighed,
And wiped away a tear.

But there is vengeance in his head,
So do not deem him weak—
There's many a soldier will be watched
And brought before the Beak.
And of his rivals he will try
To keep our kitchens clear,
No sharper eye the steps can guard
Than now lets fall the tear.

SHIRLEY BROOKS

THE COQUETTE—A PORTRAIT

"You're clever at drawing, I own,"
Said my beautiful cousin Lisette,
As we sat by the window alone,
"But say, can you paint a Coquette?

"She's painted already," quoth I;
"Nay, nay," said the laughing Lisette,
"Now none of your joking—but try
And paint me a thorough Coquette."

"Well, cousin," at once I began
In the ear of the eager Lisette,
"I'll paint you as well as I can,
That wonderful thing, a Coquette.

"She wears a most beautiful face,"
("Of course," said the pretty Lisette,)
"And isn't deficient in grace,
Or else she were not a Coquette.

"And then she is daintily made"
(A smile from the dainty Lisette,)
"By people expert in the trade
Of forming a proper Coquette.

"She knows how to weep and to sigh,"
(A sigh from the tender Lisette,)
"But her weeping is all in my eye,—
Not that of the cunning Coquette!

"In short, she's a creature of art,"
("O hush!" said the frowning Lisette,)
"With merely the ghost of a heart,
Enough for a thorough Coquette.

"And yet I could easily prove"
("Now don't!" said the angry Lisette,)
"The lady is always in love,—
In love with herself,—the Coquette!

"There,—do not be angry!—you know,
My dear little cousin Lisette,
You told me a moment ago,
To paint *you*—a thorough Coquette!"

JOHN GODFREY SAXE

THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED

I DU believe in Freedom's cause,
Ez fur away ez Paris is;
I love to see her stick her claws
In them infarnal Phayrisees;
It's wal enough agin a king
To dror resolves an' triggers,—
But libbaty's a kind o' thing
Thet don't agree with niggers.

I du believe the people want
A tax on teas an' coffees,
Thet nothin' aint extravygunt,—
Purvidin' I'm in office;
Fer I hev loved my country sence
My eye-teeth filled their sockets,
An' Uncle Sam I reverence,
Partic'larly his pockets.

I du believe in *any* plan
O' levyin' the taxes,
Ez long ez, like a lumberman,
I git jest wut I axes;
I go free-trade thru thick an' thin,
Because it kind o' rouses
The folks to vote,—an' keeps us in
Our quiet custom-houses.

I du believe it's wise an' good
To sen' out furrin missions,
Thet is, on sartin understood
An' orthydox conditions;—
I mean nine thousand dolls. per ann.,
Nine thousan' more fer outfit,
An' me to recommend a man
The place 'ould jest about fit.

I du believe in special ways,
O' prayin' an' convartin';
The bread comes back in many days,
An' buttered, tu, fer sartin;—
I mean in prayin' till one busts
On wut the party chooses,
An' in convartin' public trusts
To very privit uses.

I du believe hard coin the stuff
Fer 'lectioneers to spout on;
The people's ollers soft enough
To make hard money out on;
Dear Uncle Sam pervides fer his,
An' gives a good-sized junk to all—
I don't care *how* hard money is,
Ez long ez mine's paid punctooal.

I du believe with all my soul
In the gret Press's Freedom,
To pint the people to the goal
An' in the traces lead 'em;

Palsied the arm that forges yokes
 At my fat contracts squintin',
An' withered be the nose that pokes
 Inter the gov'ment printin'!

I du believe that I should give
 Wut's his'n unto Cæsar,
Fer it's by him I move an' live,
 Frum him my bread an' cheese air;
I du believe that all o' me
 Doth bear his superscription—
Will, conscience, honor, honesty,
 An' things o' thet description.

I du believe in prayer an' praise
 To him that hez the grantin'
O' jobs,—in every thin' thet pays,
 But most of all in CANTIN';
This doth my cup with marcies fill,
 This lays all thought o' sin to rest,
I *don't* believe in princerple,
 But, oh, I *du* in interest.

I du believe in bein' this
 Or thet, ez it may happen
One way or t'other hendiest is
 To ketch the people nappin';
It ain't by princerples nor men
 My preudunt course is steadied—
I scent which pays the best, an' then
 Go into it baldheaded.

I du believe that holdin' slaves
 Comes nat'ral to a Presidunt,
Let 'lone the rowdedow it saves
 To hev a wal-broke precedunt;
Fer any office, small or gret,
 I couldn't ax with no face,
'uthout I'd ben, thru dry an' wet,
 Th' unrizzest kind o' doughface.

I du believe wutever trash
'll keep the people in blindness,—
Thet we the Mexicuns can thrash
Right inter brotherly kindness,
Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder 'n' ball
Air good-will's strongest magnets,
Thet peace, to make it stick at all,
Must be druv in with bagnets.

In short, I firmly du believe
In Humbug generally,
Fer it's a thing thet I perceive
To hev a solid vally;
This heth my faithful shepherd ben,
In pastures sweet heth led me,
An' this'll keep the people green
To feed ez they hev fed me.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL



WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS

Guvener B. is a sensible man;
He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks;
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,
An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez he wunt vote for Guvener B.

My! ain't it terrible? Wut shall we du?
We can't never choose him, o' coorse—thet's flat;
Guess we shall hev to come round, (don't you?)
An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all that;
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez he wunt vote for Guvener B.

Gineral C. is a dreffle smart man:
He's been on all sides that gives places or pelf;
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan,—
He's ben true to *one* party—an' thet is himself;—
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote for Gineral C.

Gineral C. he goes in fer the war;
He don't vally principle more'n an old cud;
Wut did God make us raytional creeturs fer,
But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood?
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote for Gineral C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,
With good old idees o' wut's right an' wut ain't,
We kin' o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,
An' thet appyletts worn't the best mark of a saint;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,
An' President Polk, you know, *he* is our country;
An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a book
Puts the *debit* to him, and to us the *per contry;*
And John P.
Robinson he
Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argiments lies;
Sez they're nothin' on airth but just *fee, faw, fum;*
An' thet all this big talk of our destinies
Is half on it ignorance, an' t'other half rum;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez it ain't no sech thing; an', of course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur says *he* never heerd in his life
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail coats,
An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us
The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I vow,—
God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,
To start the world's team wen it gits in a slough;
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez the world'll go right, ef he hollers out Gee!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

TO MY GRANDMOTHER

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE BY MR. ROMNEY

THIS relative of mine
Was she seventy and nine
When she died?
By the canvas may be seen
How she looked at seventeen,—
As a bride.

Beneath a summer tree,
As she sits, her reverie
Has a charm;
Her ringlets are in taste,—
What an arm! and what a waist
For an arm!

In bridal coronet,
Lace, ribbons and *coquette*
Falbala;
Were Romney's limning true,
What a lucky dog were you,
Grandpapa!

Her lips are sweet as love,—
They are parting! do they move?
Are they dumb?—
Her eyes are blue, and beam
Beseechingly, and seem
To say "Come."

What funny fancy slips
From atween these cherry lips?
Whisper me,
Sweet deity, in paint,
What canon says I mayn't
Marry thee?

That good-for-nothing Time
Has a confidence sublime!
 When I first
Saw this lady, in my youth,
Her winters had, forsooth,
 Done their worst.

Her locks (as white as snow)
For his wing once shamed the crow
 By their dye,—
That fowl of cloven tread
Had set his foot, instead
 In her eye.

Her rounded form was lean,
And her silk was bombazine:—
 Well I wot,
With her needles would she sit,
And for hours would she knit,—
 Would she not?

Ah, perishable clay!
Her charms had dropt away
 One by one.
But if she heaved a sigh
With a burthen, it was, "Thy
 Will be done."

In travail, as in tears,
With the fardel of her years
 Overprest,—
In mercy was she borne
Where the weary ones and worn.
 Are at rest.

I'm fain to meet you there,—
If as witching as you were,
 Grandmamma!
This nether world agrees
That the better it must please
 Grandpapa.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON

THE BEAR PIT

AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

We liked the bear's serio-comical face,
As he loll'd with a lazy, a lumbering grace:
Said Slyboots to me, (as if she had none,)
"Papa, let's give Bruin a bit of your bun."

Says I, "A plum bun might please wistful old Bruin,
For he can't eat the stone that the cruel boy threw in;
Stick *yours* on the point of mamma's parasol,
And then he will climb to the top of the pole.

"Some bears have got two legs, some bears have got more,
Be good to old bears if they've no legs or four
Of duty to age you should never be careless,
My dear, I am bald—I soon shall be hairless.

"The strangest aversion exists among bears
From rude forward persons who give themselves airs,
We know how some graceless young people were maul'd
For plaguing Elisha, and calling him bald.

"Strange ursine devotion! their dancing days ended,
Bears die to "remove" what, in life, they defended:
They succoured the Prophet and since that affair
The bald have a painful regard for the bear."

My moral—small people may read it, and run,
(The child has my moral, the bear has my bun,)
Forbear to give pain, if it's only in jest,
And care to think pleasure a phantom at best.
A paradox, too—none can hope to attach it,
Yet if you pursue it, you'll certainly catch it.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON

THE ANGORA CAT

Te, Dupont, *laudamus*,
Of *Cité Fadette*,
Whose lady makes famous
Brioche and *galette !*

As any he's fat that
Eat *fricôt* off delf,
And she had a cat that
Was fat as herself.

Long hair—soft as satin,—
A musical purr—
'Gainst the window she'd flatten
Her delicate fur.

My Zouzou to see what
The town would be at,
I drove; when cried she, "What
An exquisite cat!"

"What whiskers! she's purring
All over! Regale
Our eyes, puss, by stirring
Your feathery tail."

"Dupont, will you sell her?"
"*Ma femme est sortie*,
Your offer I'll tell her,
But—will she?" says he.

Yet Dupont was persuaded
To part with the prize!
(Our bargain was aided,
Zouzou, by your eyes.)

From his *légitime* save him—
Other's shoes I'd prefer,
For I'll warrant she gave him
Un mauvais quart d'heure!

"I give you this pleasant
Grimalkin, Zouzou,
—Ah, Puss, what a present
I'm giving to you!"

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON

MY LIFE IS A ——

AT Worthing an exile from Geraldine G——,
How aimless, how wretched an exile is he!
Promenades are not even prunella and leather
To lovers, if lovers can't foot them together.

He flies the parade, sad by ocean he stands,
He traces a "Geraldine G." on the sands,
Only "G!" though her loved patronymic is "Green,"—
I will not betray thee, my own Geraldine.

The fortunes of men have a time and a tide,
And Fate, the old fury, will not be denied;
That name was, of course, soon wiped out by the sea,
—She jilted the exile, did Geraldine G.

They meet, but they never have spoken since that,—
He hopes she is happy—he knows she is fat;
She woo'd on the shore, now is wed in the Strand,—
And *I*—it was I wrote her name on the sand!

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON

HANS BREITMANN'S BARTY

Hans Breitmann gif a barty;
Dey hat biano-blayin',
I fell'd in luf mit a 'Merican frau.
Her name vas Madilda Yane.
She hat haar ash proun ash a pretzel,
Her eyes vas himmel-plue,
Und ven dey looket indo mine,
Dey shplit mine heart in doo.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty,
I vent dere, you'll be pound;
I valtz't mit Madilda Yane,
Und vent shpinnen, roundt und roundt.
Der pootust Fraülein in der hause,
She vayed 'pout doo hoondred poundt,
Und efery dime she gif a shoomp
She make der vinders sound.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty,
I dells you, it cosht him dear;
Dey rolled in more ash seven kecks
Of foorst-rate lager-peer.
Und venefer dey knocks der shpicket in
Der Deutschen gifs a cheer.
I dinks dat so vine a barty
Nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty;
Dere all vash Souse undt Brouse,
Ven der sooper comed in, de gompany
Did make demselfs to house;
Dey ate das Brot und Gensy-broost,
Der Bratwurst und Braten vine,
Undt vash der Abendessen down
Mit vour parrels ov Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty;
Ve all cot troonk ash bigs.
I poot mine mout' to a parrel of peer
Undt emptied it oop mit a schwigs;
Und den I giss'd Madilda Yane
Und she schlog me on der kop,
Und der gompany vighted mit daple-lecks
Dill der coonshtable mate oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty—
Vhere ish dat barty now?
Vhere ist der lufly colden gloud
Dat float on der moundain's prow?
Vere ist de himmelstrahlende stern—
De shtar of de shpirit's light?
All gon'd afay mit der lager-peer—
Afay in de ewigkeit.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND
("Hans Breitmann")

BALLAD OF THE MERMAID

DER noble Ritter Hugo
Von Schwillensaufenstein,
Rode out mit shpeer und helmet,
Und he coom to de panks of de Rhine.

Und oop dere rose a meer-maid,
Vot hadn't got nodings on,
Und she say, "Oh, Ritter Hugo,
Vhere you goes mit yourself alone?"

Und he says, "I rides in de creenwood,
Mit helmet und mit shpeer,
Till I gooms into ein Gasthaus,
Und dere I trinks some peer."

Und den outsphoke de maiden
Vot hadn't got nodings on:
"I don't tink mooch of beoplesh
Dat goes mit demselfs alone.

"You'd petter coom down in de wasser,
Vhere dere's heaps of dings to see,
Und haf a shplendid tinner
Und drafel along mit me.

"Dere you sees de fisch a-schwimmin',
Und you catches dem efery one":—
So sang dis wasser maiden
Vot hadn't got nodings on.

"Dere ish drunks all full mit money
In ships dat vent down of old;
Und you helpsh yourself, by doonder!
To schimmerin' crowns of gold.

"Shoost look at dese shpoons und vatches!
Shoost see dese diamant rings!
Goom doun und vill your bockets,
Und I'll giss you like efery dings.

"Vot you vantsh mit your schnaps und lager?
Coom down into der Rhine!
Der ist pottles der Kaiser Charlemagne
Vonse filled mit gold-red wine!"

Dat fetched him—he shtood all shpell-pound!
She pooled his coat-tails doun,
She drawed him oonder der wasser,
De maiden mit nodings on.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND
("Hans Breitmann")

YOU ARE OLD, FATHER WILLIAM

"You are old, father William," the young man said,
And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back somersault in at the door—
Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple."

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth, "one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father; "don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs!"

CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON
("Lewis Carroll")

ODE TO TOBACCO

Thou who, when fears attack,
Bidst them avaunt, and Black
Care, at the horseman's back
Perching, unseatest;
Sweet, when the morn is gray;
Sweet, when they've cleared away
Lunch; and at close of day
Possibly sweetest:

I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, I know, are told,
Not to thy credit;
How one (or two at most)
Drops make a cat a ghost—
Useless, except to roast—
Doctors have said it:

How they who use fusees
All grow by slow degrees
Brainless as chimpanzees,
Meagre as lizards:
Go mad, and beat their wives
Plunge (after shocking lives)
Razors and carving knives
Into their gizzards.

Confound such knavish tricks.
Yet know I five or six
Smokers who freely mix
Still with their neighbours
Jones—(who, I'm glad to say,
Asked leave of Mrs. J.)—
Daily absorbs a clay
After his labours.

Cats may have had their goose
Cooked by tobacco-juice ;
Still why deny its use
Thoughtfully taken ?
We're not as tabbies are :
Smith, take a fresh cigar :
Jones, the tobacco-jar !
Here's to thee, Bacon !

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY

BEER

In those old days which poets say were golden—
(Perhaps they laid the gilding on themselves :
And, if they did, I'm all the more beholden
To those brown dwellers in my dusty shelves,
Who talk to me "in language quaint and olden"
Of gods and demi-gods and fauns and elves,
Pan with his pipes, and Bacchus with his leopards,
And staid young goddesses who flirt with shepherds :

In those old days, the Nymph called Etiquette
(Appalling thought to dwell on) was not born.
They had their May, but no Mayfair as yet,
No fashions varying as the hues of morn.
Just as they pleased they dressed and drank and ate,
Sang hymns to Ceres (their John Barleycorn)
And danced unchaperoned, and laughed unchecked,
And were no doubt extremely incorrect.

Yet do I think their theory was pleasant:
 And oft, I own, my "wayward fancy roams"
Back to those times, so different from the present;
 When no one smoked cigars, nor gave At-homes,
Nor smote a billiard-ball, nor winged a pheasant,
 Nor "did" her hair by means of long-tailed combs,
Nor migrated to Brighton once a year,
Nor—most astonishing of all—drank Beer.

No, they did not drink Bèer, "which brings me to"
 (As Gilpin said) "the middle of my song."
Nor that the middle is precisely true,
 Or else I should not tax your patience long:
If I had said "beginning," it might do;
 But I have a dislike to quoting wrong:
I was unlucky,—sinned against, not sinning—
When Cowper wrote down "middle" for "beginning."

So to proceed. That abstinence from malt
 Has always struck me as extremely curious.
The Greek mind must have had some vital fault.
 That they should stick to liquors so injurious—
(Wine, water, tempered p'raps with Attic salt—)
 And not at once invent that mild, luxurious,
And artful Beverage, Beer. How the digestion
Got on without it, is a startling question.

Had they digestions? and an actual body
 Such as dyspepsia might make attacks on?
Were they abstract ideas—(like Tom Noddy
 And Mr. Briggs)—or men, like Jones and Jackson?
Then nectar—was that beer, or whisky-toddy?
 Some say the Gaelic mixture, *I* the Saxon:
I think a strict adherence to the latter
Might make some Scots less pigheaded, and fatter.

Besides, Bon Gaultier definitely shows
 That the real beverage for feasting gods on
Is a soft compound, grateful to the nose
 And also to the palate, known as "Hodgson."

I know a man—a tailor's son—who rose
To be a peer: and this I would lay odds on,
(Though in his Memoirs it may not appear,)
That that man owed his rise to copious Beer.

O Beer! O Hodgson, Guinness, Allsopp, Bass!
Names that should be on every infant's tongue!
Shall days and months and years and centuries pass,
And still your merits be unrecked, unsung?
Oh! I have gazed into my foaming glass,
And wished that lyre could yet again be strung
Which once rang prophet-like through Greece, and taught her
Misguided sons that the best drink was water.

How would he now recant that wild opinion,
And sing—as would that I could sing—of you!
I was not born (alas!) the "Muses' minion,"
I'm not poetical, not even blue!
And he, we know, but strives with waxen pinion
Whoe'er he is that entertains the view
Of emulating Pindar, and will be
Sponsor at last to some now nameless sea.

Oh! when the green slopes of Arcadia burned
With all the lustre of the dying day,
And on Cithæron's brow the reaper turned,
(Humming, of course, in his delightful way,
How Lycidas was dead, and how concerned
The Nymphs were when they saw his lifeless clay;
And how rock told to rock the dreadful story
That poor young Lycidas was gone to glory:)

What would that lone and labouring soul have given,
At that soft moment for a pewter pot!
How had the mists that dimmed his eye been riven,
And Lycidas and sorrow all forgot!
If his own grandmother had died unshriven,
In two short seconds he'd have recked it not;

Such power hath Beer. The heart which Grief hath
canker'd
Hath one unfailing remedy—the Tankard.

Coffee is good, and so no doubt is cocoa;
Tea did for Johnson and the Chinamen:
When "Dulce est desipere in loco"
Was written, real Falernian winged the pen.
When a rapt audience has encored "Fra Poco"
Or "Casta Diva," I have heard that then
The Prima Donna smiling herself out,
Recruits her flagging powers with bottled stout.

But what is coffee but a noxious berry,
Born to keep used-up Londoners awake?
What is Falernian, what is Port or Sherry,
But vile concoctions to make dull heads ache?
Nay stout itself—(though good with oysters, very)—
Is not a thing your reading man should take.
He that would shine, and petrify his tutor,
Should drink draught Allsopp in its "native pewter."

But hark! a sound is stealing on my ear—
A soft and silvery sound—I know it well.
Its tinkling tells me that a time is near
Precious to me—it is the Dinner Bell.
O blessed Bell! Thou bringest beef and beer,
Thou bringest good things more than tongue can tell:
Seared is, of course, my heart—but unsubdued
Is, and shall be, my appetite for food.

I go. Untaught and feeble is my pen:
But on one statement I may safely venture
That few of our most highly gifted men
Have more appreciation of the trencher.
I go. One pound of British beef, and then
What Mr. Swiveller called a "modest quencher";
That home-returning, I may "soothly say,"
"Fate cannot touch me: I have dined to-day."

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY

ODE—"ON A DISTANT PROSPECT" OF MAKING A FORTUNE

"Now the "rosy morn appearing"
Floods with light the dazzled heaven;
And the schoolboy groans on hearing
That eternal clock strike seven:—
Now the waggoner is driving
Tow'rds the fields his clattering wain;
Now the blue-bottle, reviving,
Buzzes down his native pane.

But to me the morn is hateful:
Wearily I stretch my legs,
Dress, and settle to my plateful
Of (perhaps inferior) eggs.
Yesterday Miss Crump, by message,
Mentioned "rent," which "p'raps I'd pay";
And I have a dismal presage
That she'll call, herself, to-day.

Once, I breakfasted off rosewood,
Smoked through silver-mounted pipes—
Then how my patrician nose would
Turn up at the thought of "swipes"!
Ale,—occasionally claret,—
Graced my luncheon then;—and now
I drink porter in a garret,
To be paid for heaven knows how.

When the evening shades are deepened,
And I doff my hat and gloves,
No sweet bird is there to "cheep and
Twitter twenty million loves;"
No dark-ringleted canaries
Sing to me of "hungry foam;"
No imaginary "Marys"
Call fictitious "cattle home."

Araminta, sweetest, fairest !
 Solace once of every ill !
How I wonder if thou bearest
 Mivins in remembrance still !
If that Friday night is banished
 From a once retentive mind,
When the others somehow vanished,
 And we two were left behind :—

When in accents low, yet thrilling,
 I did all my love declare ;
Mentioned that I'd not a shilling—
 Hinted that we need not care ;
And complacently you listened
 To my somewhat long address,
And I thought the tear that glistened
 In the downdropt eye said Yes.

Once, a happy child, I carolled
 O'er green lawns the whole day through,
Not unpleasingly apparelled
 In a tightish suit of blue :—
What a change has now passed o'er me !
 Now with what dismay I see
Ever rising morn before me !
 Goodness gracious patience me !

And I'll proul, a moodier Lara,
 Thro' the world, as prouls the bat,
And habitually wear a
 Cypress wreath around my hat :
And when Death snuffs out the taper
 Of my Life (as soon he must),
I'll send up to every paper,
 " Died, T. Mivins ; of disgust."

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY

STRIKING

It was a railway passenger,
And he lept out jauntilie.
" Now up and bear, thou stout portèr,
My two chattèls to me.

" Bring hither, bring hither my bag so red,
And portmanteau so brown :
(They lie in the van, for a trusty man
He labelled them London town :)

" And fetch me eke a cabman bold,
That I may be his fare, his fare ;
And he shall have a good shilling,
If by two of the clock he do me bring
To the terminus, Euston Square."

" Now,—so to thee the saints alway,
Good gentleman, give luck,—
As never a cab may I find this day,
For the cabmen wights have struck :

And now, I wis, at the Red Post Inn,
Or else at the Dog and Duck,
Or at Unicorn Blue, or at Green Griffin,
The nut-brown ale and the fine old gin
Right pleasantly they do suck."

" Now rede me aright, thou stout portèr,
What were it best that I should do :
For woe is me, an' I reach not there
Or ever the clock strike two."

" I have a son, a lytel son ;
Fleet is his foot as the wild roebuck's :
Give him a shilling and eke a brown,
And he shall carry thy fardels down
To Euston, or half over London town,
On one of the station trucks."

Then forth in a hurry did they twain fare,
The gent, and the son of the stout portèr,
Who fled like an arrow, nor turned a hair,
Through all the mire and muck:
"A ticket, a ticket, sir clerk, I pray:
For by two of the clock must I needs away."
"That may hardly be," the clerk did say,
"For indeed—the clocks have struck."

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY

THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL"

'Twas on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone on a piece of stone
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he,
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
In a singular minor key:

"Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,
And so I simply said:

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
But I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

"At once a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn:

'Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
That we sailed to the Indian sea,
And there on a reef we came to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all o' the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),
And only ten of the *Nancy*'s men
Said 'Here!' to the muster-roll.

'There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel,
So we drawed a lot, and accordin' shot
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,
And delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question 'which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshipped me;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"'I'll be eat if you dines of me,' says Tom,
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be,'—
'I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I,
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,
While I can—and will—cook *you*!'

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in proportions true
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

"'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell,
'Twill soothing be if I let you see,
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round and round
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And—as I eating be
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
For a vessel in sight I see!

* * * * *

"And I never grieve, and I never smile,
And I never larf nor play,
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I have—which is to say:

"Oh, I am a cook and captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

SIR WILLIAM SCHWENCK GILBERT

HAUNTED

HAUNTED? Ay, in a social way,
By a body of ghosts in a dread array:
But no conventional spectres they—
Appalling, grim, and tricky:
I quail at mine as I'd never quail
At a fine traditional spectre pale,
With a turnip head and a ghostly wail,
And a splash of blood on the dicky!

Mine are horrible social ghosts,
Speeches and women and guests and hosts,
Weddings and morning calls and toasts,
In every bad variety:
Ghosts that hover about the grave
Of all that's manly, free, and brave:
You'll find their names on the architrave
Of that charnel-house, Society.

Black Monday—black as its schoolroom ink—
With its dismal boys that snivel and think
Of nauseous messes to eat and drink,
And a frozen tank to wash in.
That was the first that brought me grief
And made me weep, till I sought relief
In an emblematical handkerchief,
To choke such baby bosh in.

First and worst in the grim array—
Ghosts of ghosts that have gone their way,
Which I wouldn't revive for a single day
For all the wealth of PLUTUS—
Are the horrible ghosts that schooldays scared:
If the classical ghost that BRUTUS dared
Was the ghost of his "Cæsar" unprepared,
I'm sure I pity BRUTUS.

I pass to critical seventeen:
The ghost of that terrible wedding scene,
When an elderly colonel stole my queen,
And woke my dream of heaven
No school-girl decked in her nursery curls
Was my gushing innocent queen of pearls;
If she wasn't a girl of a thousand girls,
She was one of forty-seven!

I see the ghost of my first cigar—
Of the thence-arising family jar—
Of my maiden brief (I was at the bar),
When I called the judge "Your wushup"!
Of reckless days and reckless nights,
With wrenched-off knockers, extinguished lights,
Unholy songs and tipsy fights,
Which I strove in vain to hush up.

Ghosts of fraudulent joint-stock banks,
Ghosts of "copy, declined with thanks,"
Of novels returned in endless ranks,
And thousands more, I suffer.
The only line to fitly grace
My humble tomb, when I've run my race,
Is, "Reader, this is the resting-place
Of an unsuccessful duffer."

I've fought them all, these ghosts of mine,
But the weapons I've used are sighs and brine,
And now that I'm nearly forty-nine,
Old age is my only bogy;
For my hair is thinning away at the crown.
And the silver fights with the worn-out brown;
And a general verdict sets me down
As an irreclaimable fogy.

SIR WILLIAM SCHWENCK GILBERT

TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE

BY A MISERABLE WRETCH

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of Space
Roll on!
What though I'm in a sorry case?
What though I cannot meet my bills?
What though I suffer toothache's ills?
What though I swallow countless pills?
Never *you* mind!
Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through seas of inky air
Roll on!
It's true I have no shirt to wear;
It's true my butcher's bill is due;
It's true my prospects all look blue—
But don't let that unsettle you:
Never *you* mind!
Roll on!

[*It rolls on.*

Sir William Schwenck Gilbert

A NIGHTMARE

When you're lying awake with a dismal headache, and
repose is taboo'd by anxiety,
I conceive you may use any language you choose to indulge
in without impropriety;
For your brain is on fire—the bedclothes conspire of usual
slumber to plunder you:
First your counterpane goes and uncovers your toes and
your sheet slips demurely from under you;
Then the blanketing tickles—you feel like mixed pickles,
so terribly sharp is the pricking,
And you're hot and you're cross, and you tumble and toss
till there's nothing 'twixt you and the ticking.
Then the bedclothes all creep to the ground in a heap,
and you pick 'em all up in a tangle;
Next your pillow resigns and politely declines to remain
at its usual angle!
Well, you get some repose in the form of a doze, with hot
eyeballs and head ever aching,
But your slumbering teems with such horrible dreams that
you'd very much better be waking;
For you dream you are crossing the Channel, and tossing
about in a steamer from Harwich,
Which is something between a large bathing machine and
a very small second-class carriage:
And you're giving a treat (penny ice and cold meat) to a
party of friends and relations—
They're a ravenous horde— and they all come on board at
Sloane Square and South Kensington Stations.
And bound on that journey you find your attorney (who
started that morning from Devon);
He's a bit undersized, and you don't feel surprised when
he tells you he's only eleven.
Well, you're driving like mad with this singular lad (by-
the-bye the ship's now a four-wheeler),
And you're playing round games, and he calls you bad
names when you tell him that "ties pay the dealer",

But this you can't stand, so you throw up your hand, and you find you're as cold as an icicle,
In your shirt and your socks (the black silk with gold clocks), crossing Salisbury Plain on a bicycle:
And he and the crew are on bicycles too—which they've somehow or other invested in—
And he's telling the tars all the particu*lars* of a company he's interested in—
It's a scheme of devices, to get at low prices, all goods from cough mixture to cables
(Which tickled the sailors) by treating retailers, as though they were all vege*ta*bles—
You get a good spadesman to plant a small tradesman (first take off his boots with a boot-tree),
And his legs will take root, and his fingers will shoot, and they'll blossom and bud like a fruit-tree—
From the greengrocer tree you get grapes and green pea, cauliflower, pineapple, and cranberries,
While the pastry-cook plant cherry brandy will grant, apple puffs, and three-corners, and banberries—
The shares are a penny, and ever so many are taken by Rothschild and Baring,
And just as a few are allotted to you, you awake with a shudder desparing—
You're a regular wreck, with a crick in your neck, and no wonder you snore, for your head's on the floor, and you've needles and pins from your soles to your shins, and your flesh is a-creep, for your left leg's asleep, and you've cramp in your toes and a fly on your nose, and some fluff in your lung, and a feverish tongue, and a thirst that's intense, and a general sense that you haven't been sleeping in clover;
But the darkness has passed, and it's daylight at last, and the night has been long—ditto, ditto my song—and thank goodness they're both of them over!

Sir William Schwenck Gilbert

THE MOONLIGHT SONATA

BY A MUSICAL MANIAC

First Movement

Lazily, cloudlets, over the Moon,
(Veiling little, if aught ye veil)
Vapours across the starlight strewn,
Sail for ever, if *thus* ye sail.
Idle breezes out of the West,
Let them linger in phantom forms.
Night, be still as an infant's rest;
Banish the darkness, chain the storms.

Hush, my spirit, be calm as Night;
Sorrow is calm, but it is not peace.
Heralds of tempest, over the light,
Storm-clouds hurry and will not cease.
Eyes are dim that were bright and blue,
Hands were warm that are long since cold;
Both lie under the shading yew,
Both lie under the churchyard mould.

Second Movement

The Elves! the tiny tricksy Elves!
They love to treat their dainty selves,
To dancing in the night-time.
'Tis twelve o'clock—the fairy hour—
For hark! the sounds from yonder tow'r
Inform me that's the right time.
Here comes the laughing, rabble rout;
See, see—they frisk around, about,
In every kind of antic.
And there's the king—the queen—the court—
The clergy and the common sort—
All absolutely frantic.

My goodness gracious, here's a game!
I'm so delighted that I came
To brood upon my sorrow.
A melancholy muff I've been;
But, after this delightful scene,
I'll come again to-morrow.

Last Movement

Hurricane signals gather apace
Thickly over the pale moon's face;
Masses of blackness looming forth,
South'ard and eastward, west and north,
Wild wind veering, ever and aye,
Over the compass—over the sky.
Mutter of thunder, lurid gleams,
Rain that clashes in deluge-streams.
Over the wheat-fields, over the stiles,
Two-and-a-quarter of English miles.
Boots that cannot exclude the wet;
Clothes the thinnest that cash can get.
Far away, in the homely cot,
Stands my gingham—the best I've got.
Never so much as a Macintosh;
Never a cape, or an odd galosh!
(*Chord in the minor, FF.*)

Henry Sambrooke Leigh

THE HEATHEN CHINEE

Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name,
And I shall not deny,
In regard to the same,
What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third;
And quite soft were the skies:
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards that were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve:
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see;
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour;"
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand;
But the floor it was strewed,
Like the leaves on the strand,
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs,
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts,
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The Heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE

THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS

I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful games;
And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.

But first I would remark, that it is not a proper plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man,
And if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him.

Now, nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same society,
Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
From those same bones an animal that was extremely rare;
And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules,
Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said he was at fault;
It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault:
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown;
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

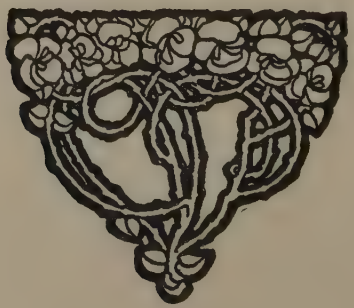
Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass—at least to all intent:
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant,
Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.

The Abner Dean of Angels raised a point of order—when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen;
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

For, in less time than I write it, every member did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic age;
And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,
Till the scull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games:
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
And I've told in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE



THE LAST DESPATCH

HURRAH! the Season's past at last;
At length we've "done" our pleasure.
Dear "Pater," if you *only* knew
How much I've *longed* for home and you,—
Our own green lawn and leisure!

And then the pets! One half forgets
The dear dumb friends—in Babel.
I hope my special fish is fed;—
I long to see poor Nigra's head
Pushed at me from the stable!

I long to see the cob and "Rob,"—
Old Bevis and the collie:
And *won't* we read in "Traveller's Rest!"
Home readings after all are best;—
None else seem half so "jolly!"

One misses your dear kindly store
Of fancies quaint and funny;
One misses, too, your kind *bon-mot;*—
The Mayfair wit I mostly know
Has more of gall than honey!

How tired one grows of "calls and balls,"
This "toujours perdrix" wearies;
I'm longing, quite, for "Notes on Knox";
(*A propos*, I've the loveliest box
For holding *Notes and Queries!*)

A change of place would suit my case,
You'll take me?—on probation?
As "Lady-help," then, let it be;
I feel (as Lavender shall see),
That Jams are *my* vocation!

How's Lavender? My love to her.
Does Briggs still flirt with Flowers?—
Has Hawthorn stubbed the common clear?—
You'll let me give *some* picnics, Dear,
And ask the Vanes and Towers?

I met Belle Vane. "He's" still in Spain!
Sir John won't let them marry.
Aunt drove the boys to Brompton Rink;
And Charley,—changing Charley,—think,
Is now *au mieux* with Carry!

And no. You know what "*No*" I mean—
There's no one yet at present:
The Benedict I have in view
Must be a something wholly new,—
One's father's *far* too pleasant.

So hey, I say, for home and you!
Good-bye to Piccadilly;
Balls, beaux, and Bolton Row, adieu!
Expect me, Dear, at half-past two;
Till then,—your Own Fond—Milly

Austin Dobson

TO THE GENTLE READER

"A French writer (whom I love well) speaks of three kinds of companions—men, women, and books."—SIR JOHN DAVYS.

THREE kinds of companions, men, women, and books,
Were enough, said the elderly Sage, for his ends.
And the women we deem that he chose for their looks,
And the men for their cellars: the books were his friends:
"Man delights me not," often, "nor women," but books
Are the best of good comrades in loneliest nooks.

For man will be wrangling—for women will fret
About anything infinitesimal small:
Like the Sage in our Plato, I'm "anxious to get
On the side"—on the sunnier side—"of a wall."
Let the wind of the world toss the nations like rooks,
If only you'll leave me at peace with my Books.

And which are my books? Why, 'tis much as you please,
For, given 'tis a book, it can hardly be wrong,
And Bradshaw himself I can study with ease,
Though for choice I might call for a Sermon or Song;
And Locker on London, and Sala on Cooks,
"Tom Brown," and Plotinus, they're all of them Books.

There's Fielding to lap one in currents of mirth;
There's Herrick to sing of a flower or a fay;
Or good Maître Françoys to bring one to earth,
If Shelley or Coleridge have snatched one away:
There's Müller on Speech, there is Gurney on Spooks,
There is Tylor on Totems, there's all sorts of Books.

There's roaming in regions where every one's been,
Encounters where no one was ever before,
There "Leaves from the Highlands" we owe to the Queen,
There's Holly's and Leo's adventures in Kôr:
There's Tanner who dwelt with Pawnees and Chinooks,
You can cover a great deal of country in Books.

There are books, highly thought of, that nobody reads,
There is Geusius' dearly delectable tome
Of the Cannibal—he on his neighbour who feeds—
And in blood-red morocco 'tis bound, by Dérôme,
There's Montaigne here (a Foppens), there's Roberts (on
Flukes),
There's Elzevirs, Aldines, and Gryphius' Books.

There's Bunyan, there's Walton, in early editions,
There's many a quarto uncommonly rare;
There's quaint old Quevedo adream with his visions,
There's Johnson the portly, and Burton the spare;
There's Boston of Ettrick, who preached of the "Crooks
In the Lots" of us mortals, who bargain for Books.

There's Ruskin to keep one exclaiming "What next?
There's Browning to puzzle, and Gilbert to chaff,
And Marcus Aurelius to soothe one if vexed,
And good Marcus Tvainus to lend you a laugh;
There be capital tomes that are filled with fly-hooks,
And I've frequently found them the best kind of Books.

Andrew Lang

ADIEU TO ARGYLL

Land of the purple heather, where, much to my content,
Three weeks of broken weather I recently have spent,
Although in panegyric I don't intend to deal,
Accept this humble lyric penned by a cockney chiel.

I went not to the Trossachs, where, ev'n in times of peace,
Hotel-exploiting Cossacks the simple Saxon fleece;
By dexterously dodging the holidaying host,
I found a modest lodging upon the western coast.

Your climate, Caledonia, the Curate's egg recalls.
At times it breeds pneumonia by dint of gales and squalls;
But when the misty blanket disperses, at such times
I confidently rank it among the best of climes.

Your diet is most grateful, though why do people frown
When I devour my plateful of porridge sitting down?
Your music is soul-shaking with skirls and yelps and snaps,
And I adore your baking of girdle-cakes and baps.

I like your bare-legged caddies who, destitute of ruth,
(Unlike their brother Paddies) tell me the bitter truth—
That, till I mend my errors in grip and stance and swing,
Golf's enervating terrors will never lose their sting.

Susceptible to beauty in ev'ry form and shade
I hail it as a duty to praise the Hieland maid,
Whose charms throughout a broader expanse are lately blown
Since breathed by Harry Lauder into the gramophone.

Fair smiles the face of Nature on Scotia's genial strand,
But Scotia's nomenclature is hard to understand;
Joppa and Portobello a mild surprise promote,
While Grogport strikes a mellow but dissipated note.

Land of the sturdy thistle, land of the eagle's nest,
Why do you whet your whistle with such appalling zest?
And why endure the orgies enacted year by year
When Glasgow Fair disgorges its wreckage on each pier?

(A partial explanation one may perchance descry
In that well-worn quotation *corruptio optimi;*
Besides, the canny Scottish, or Scot, to be more terse.
If he were never sottish, would swamp the universe.)

Yet why recount these stories of superficial flaws
When past and present glories combine to plead your cause?
When ev'ry glen is ringing with tales of old renown,
And ev'ry burn is singing how CHARLIE lost his crown?

I've roamed and climbed and wandered among the Western Isles,
And gazed on Erin sundered by twenty foam-flecked miles;
Behind the hills of Jura I've seen the sun go down,
Unseated *atra cura,* forgot the dusty town.

Bowed down by such a burden of undeserved delight,
A boon no earthly guerdon could fittingly requite,
From all unworthy carping I'll willingly forbear,
And quite abstain from harping upon the Glasgow Fair.

So, as I cross the border where, frowning o'er the deep,
Like to an ancient warder stands Berwick's rugged keep,
Reluctantly retreating to London by the mail,
I wave regretful greeting unto the Western Gael.

CHARLES L. GRAVES

THE RUNAWAY RHYME

HUMBLY DEDICATED TO ALL WOULD-BE LAUREATES

I ONCE sat astride on a runaway rhyme;
He was bitted and bridled and saddled with care;
I had tightened the girths and had ventured to climb,
Heart in mouth, to the saddle, determined to dare.
Then, his eyes flashing fire and his nostrils all blood,
He was off with a rush like a river in flood.

I spoke to him softly, I tugged at the rein,
Lay back, braced my shoulders to master his mouth;
But he forced his head down, and went scouring the plain
With the speed of a swallow that flies to the south.
And behind, far behind, echoed faintly the sounds,
Where the quarry lay hiding, of horn and of hounds.

I had tracked it at eve, all intent to rehearse
The delights of the morrow, through brushwood and brake;
I had thought never quarry was fitter for verse,
Made my plans for its capture all night lain awake.
And at break of the day, with my crop going crack,
Spurred and booted I went and unkennelled the pack.

Then I mounted old "Hack-rhyme" and ambled along—
I knew all his tricks and his paces by heart—
Till we came to the covert, and there 'mid the throng
One steed topped the others; the sight made me start.
For a voice seemed to whisper, "If manhood endures,
That's the horse you must hunt on; be bold, he is yours."

I was down in a moment; I stood by his side
While he tossed his thin head in desire of the run.
"That horse," said the voice, "is the horse you must ride;
He could carry you straight from the earth to the sun.
He was fashioned of fury and fire in a day——"
Then I lingered no more, but was up and away.

The forests, the rivers, the fields, that I knew,
Rushing forth like a tempest, he left them behind;
Took the fences and brooks in his stride as he flew,
Unabashed and unchecked in the heart of the wind.
And he crashed and he thundered regardless of me,
Till I heard as we galloped the roar of the sea.

Yes, the sea was in front, and again and again
I fought with the devil whose back I bestrode.
My strength was as water; I struggled in vain;
On, on, ever onward we rattled and rode;
Till at last, on a sudden, he stopped and stood stiff
As a statue of stone on the edge of the cliff.

And I? Like an arrow I sped through the air,
And the waves as I fell seemed to rise with a leap.
Till they claimed me and clasped me; and down in despair,
With a curse on all riding, I sank in the deep.
Then I knew nothing more till I woke on the sand,
Where the purposeless ocean had flung me to land.

* * * * *

So now I am cautious; one ride is enough
On a rhyme which, thank goodness, I never saw since.
They may jeer me and flout me and dub me a muff:
Though my withers be wrung, I contrive not to wince.
For I fain would ride safely, and vowed that next time
I would rather ride prose than a runaway rhyme.

RUDOLPH CHAMBERS LEHMANN

A POLITICAL ALLEGORY

ONCE there was a famous nation
With a long and splendid past:
Very splendid was its station,
And its territory vast;
It had won the approbation,
The applause and admiration,

Of the states who'd had occasion,
In a time of tribulation,
And of disorganisation,
Not to mention degradation,
And profound humiliation,
To observe it standing fast
Without any trepidation,
Or a sign of vacillation,
Firm and faithful to the last.

Came a time of dire distraction,
Full of terror and despair,
When a delicate transaction
Called for unexampled care;
But the people were directed,
Both the well and ill-affected,
To a wholly unexpected
And surprising course of action,
Based on motives new and rare
(Being governed by a faction,
As they generally were).

In a little time the nation
Had a chance of saying whether
It and its administration
Seemed inclined to pull together:
And it spoke its mind with vigour:—
"Such disgraceful conduct must
Everlastingly disfigure
Future annals and disgust
Evermore the candid student:
You have been unwise, imprudent,
Pusillanimous, unjust;
And neglectful of the glory
Appertaining to our name
Till this melancholy story
Put a period to our fame."

So this faction, disappointed,
 Lost the national good graces,
And their rivals were anointed,
 And were set in the high places.

Pretty soon arose conditions
 Most embarrassing and hard,
And the party politicians
 Had to be upon their guard.

Illegitimate ambitions,
Democratic rhetoricians,
Persons prone to bare submissions,
Men of warlike dispositions,
Wild and wicked statisticians,
Metaphysical magicians,
People apt to sign petitions,
Men inclined to make conditions,
 And a host of wary foes,
Compassed round the ruling faction:
But a certain line of action
 They incontinently chose:
And with great determination
And extreme discrimination,
Not untouched by exaltation,
After proper preparation,
And profound examination,
Wrought it out with acclamation,
And each other's approbation,
Till the national taxation
 Not unnaturally rose.

To the nation now occurred an
 Opportunity of saying
What they thought about the burden
 Which the government was laying
On their shoulder: and they said it
 In uncompromising terms:—
"Your behaviour would discredit
 Tigers, crocodiles, and worms:

You have ruined and disgraced us
And successfully effaced us,
From the proud commanding station
Where the zeal and penetration
 Of our ancestors had placed us.
Go! we are a ruined nation;
 But before our dissolution
We pronounce your condemnation—
 Sappers of our constitution,
Slayers of our reputation!"

But the nation—mark the moral,
 For its value is untold—
During each successive quarrel
 Grew and prospered as of old.

JAMES KENNETH STEPHEN

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A COLLEGE CAT

THE Junior Fellow's vows were said;
Among his co-mates and their Head
 His place was fairly set.
Of welcome from friends old and new
Full dues he had, and more than due;
 What could be lacking yet?

One said, "The Senior Fellow's vote!"
The Senior Fellow, black of coat,
 Save where his front was white,
Arose and sniffed the stranger's shoes
With critic nose, as ancients use
 To judge mankind aright.

I—for 'twas I who tell the tale—
Conscious of fortune's trembling scale,
 Awaited the decree;
But Tom had judged: "He loves our race,"
And, as to his ancestral place,
 He leapt upon my knee.

Thenceforth in common-room and hall
A *verus socius* known to all
 I came and went and sat,
Far from cross fate's or envy's reach;
For none a title could impeach
 Accepted by the cat.

While statutes changed, and freshmen came,
His gait, his wisdom were the same,
 His age no more than mellow;
Yet nothing mortal may defy
The *march* of *Anno Domini*,
 Not e'en the Senior Fellow.

Beneath our linden shade he lies;
Mere eld hath softly closed his eyes
 With late and honoured end.
He seems, while catless we confer,
To join with faint Elysian purr,
 A tutelary friend.

SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK

THE SPLENDID BANKRUPT

BEING A HINT TO OUR LEGISLATORS AND A REMINDER TO THE OFFICIAL RECEIVER

UNDER its spreading bankruptcy
The village mansion stands;
Its lord, a mighty man is he,
With large, broad-acred lands;
And the laws that baulk his creditors
Are strong as iron bands.

His laugh is free and loud and long,
His dress is spick-and-span;
He pays no debt with honest sweat,
He keeps whate'er he can,
And stares the whole world in the face,
For he fears not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
Prince-like he runs the show;
And a round of social gaieties
Keeps things from getting slow—
As the *agent* of his wife, of course,
His credit's never low.

His children, coming back from school,
Bless their progenitor,
Who's ruffling at the yearly rate
Of fifteen thou. or more,
Nor care they how his victims fly
To the workhouse open door.

He goes on Sunday to the church
With all whom he employs,
To hear the parson pray and preach
Condemning stolen joys;
It falls like water off his back—
His conscience ne'er annoys.

Scheming, promoting, squandering,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some "deal" begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Some *coup* attempted, some one "done,"
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks, to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus in the busy City life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus does the Splendid Bankrupt thrive
While honest fools get nought!

ARTHUR A. SYKES

ODE TO THE BACK OF MY HEAD

My self's part-creature, whose unlovely shape,
 Making thy lord a public raree-show,
Doth ride my hitherto unconscious nape
 Plain to all eyes save mine; to whom I owe
 The consequence, more galling than a blow,
Of ribald gesture and unfettered jape
 That marks our passage wheresoe'er we go;
Back of my Head, this day I looked on thee,
And do accept the gods' inscrutable decree.

'Tis sad to hear the personal remark
 Rising distinctly o'er the social hum;
'Tis sad to see the mirth-enkindled spark
 In eyes that always brighten when we come;
 Sad to be conscious of the gibing thumb,
Yet find the cause thereof profoundly dark;
 To move 'mid waggish coteries, where some,
With contumelious fluttering of the lid,
Ask, "Did you ever?" or declare, "They never did!"

Oft I have cast an apprehensive glance
 Into some friendly mirror standing by,
Fearing that by some tragical mischance
 I might have come away without my tie;
 Yet was my habit formal to the eye.
True, I am something strange of countenance,
 But there are others even more awry;
My contour—there are many far more fat;
I never knew what those idiots were laughing at!

And it has been that men have called me proud;
 For I have tamed my features to a stare
Of lofty tolerance, and spurned the crowd
 With the unruffled camel's tranquil air
 Of one superior, who doesn't care!

They knew not that my spirit cried aloud,
To beg the stronger kindly to forbear;
To bid the small be careful what he said;
And, with a brave man's wrath, to punch the weakling's head.

To-day, I tarried for a fleeting space
Where my confiding tailor plies his craft;
I met my mirrored double face to face;
(How strange!) I saw him sideways and abaft;
And, for the coolness of the genial draught,
Had cast my beaver from his pride of place
And there, oh, clear as tho' 'twere photographed,
Thou crusher of a good man's sturdy pride,
I saw thy multiple aspect, and was petrified.

I have no will to hold thee up to scorn.
Nor power to say, No more be head of mine!
Thou art my burden, and must needs be borne,
But I go humbly, and henceforth decline
All indoor fêtes: I shall not dance or dine,
I shall go nowhere save where hats are worn!
Nay, further,—be the blame accounted thine,
Thou Object!—lest the worshipper should scoff,
I, with extreme regret, shall take to Sunday Golf!

JOHN KENDALL

LOVE'S COLOURS

It is not in her azure eyes
That Delia's main attraction lies.
They have been much admired, it's true,
But I prefer a darker blue
(I always did—and always do).

Her locks (a wealth of deepest brown)
Have gained a general renown;
For me, my favourite shades of hair
Are touched with sunshine here and there
(They always are—and always were).

The creamy glories of her cheek
Have charms that many hold unique;
To me the red rose gives a thrill
More than the palest daffodil
(It always has—and always will).

But though my Delia's outward hues
May not be all that one would choose,
Her full perfection blooms unseen:

* * * *

There is not—there has never been—
A maiden so divinely green.

JOHN KENDALL

DE GUSTIBUS—

I AM an unadventurous man,
And always go upon the plan
Of shunning danger where I can.

And so I fail to understand
Why every year a stalwart band
Of tourists go to Switzerland,

And spend their time for several weeks,
With quaking hearts and pallid cheeks,
Scaling abrupt and windy peaks.

In fact, I'm old enough to find
Climbing of almost any kind
Is very little to my mind.

A mountain summit white with snow
Is an attractive sight, I know,
But why not see it *from below?*

Why leave the hospitable plain
And scale Mont Blanc with toil and pain
Merely to scramble down again?

Some men pretend they think it bliss
To clamber up a precipice
Or dangle over an abyss,

To crawl along a mountain side,
Supported by a rope that's tied
—Not too securely—to a guide;

But such pretences, it is clear,
In the aspiring mountaineer
Are usually insincere.

And many a climber, I'll be bound,
Whom scarped and icy crags surround,
Wishes himself on level ground.

So I, for one, do not propose
To cool my comfortable toes
In regions of perpetual snows,

As long as I can take my ease,
Fanned by a soothing southern breeze,
Under the shade of English trees.

And any one who leaves my share
Of English fields and English air
May take the Alps for aught I care!

ST. JOHN HANKIN



BY DEPUTY

As Shakespeare couldn't write his plays
(If Mrs. Gallup's not mistaken)
I think how wise in many ways,
He was to have them done by Bacon;
They might have mouldered on the shelf
Mere minor dramas (and he knew it!)
If he had written them himself
Instead of letting Bacon do it.

And if its true, as Brown and Smith
In many learned tomes have stated,
That Homer was an idle myth,
He ought to be congratulated,
Since thus, evading birth, he rose
For men to worship at a distance:
He might have penned inferior prose
Had he achieved a real existence.

To him and Shakespeare men agree
In making very nice allusions;
But no one thinks of praising me,
For I compose my own effusions:
As others wrote *their* works divine
And they immortal thus to-day are,
Perhaps had some one written mine
I might have been as great as they are.

ARTHUR ST. JOHN ADCOCK

MY NEIGHBOUR

Next door the summer roses bloom
 And breathe their hearts out day by day
To please a gentle gardener whom
 'Twere happiness to thus obey:
For her each rose a fragrance gives
 That roses grudge to common labour,
And there, next door, among them lives
 My neighbour.

I watch her in her garden fair,
 And think what joy my life would bless
Could she and I but wander there,
 A shepherd and a shepherdess,
As blithe as those of ancient myth
 That danced and sang to pipe and tabor:
Who would not thus be happy with
 My neighbour?

Blue eyes, and hair of sunny brown,
 A form of such exceeding grace,
And features in whose smile and frown
 Such tender beauty I can trace
That here to sketch her free from flaw
 Defies the pencil of a Faber,
And yet I yearn so much to draw
 My neighbour!

I'm keeping one commandment—an
 Epitome of all the ten—
So if I, when my life began,
 Was born in sin like other men,
To innocence that shames the dove,
 I've mellowed since I was a babe, or
How could I so devoutly love
 My neighbour?

Arthur St. John Adcock

TO EMMELINE

She was "a phantom of delight,"
One of those rare elusive things
Detained this side the *Ewigkeit*
Through temporary want of wings;
Our world was not her natural place,
Rather she seemed a priceless relic
Of Faerieland's enchanted grace,
She was so birdlike, so angelic.

I often wondered what she ate;
She looked as though she lived on air.
Or, if she fed from off a plate,
Would only touch ambrosial fare;
No man that dealt in butcher's meat
Had ever been allowed to victual
With stuff we common mortals eat
A form so exquisitely brittle.

Such were my views when first I fell,
In salad days still fairly green,
Beneath the spiritual spell
Of my unearthly Emmeline;
She had on me a marked effect:
Each moment spent in gazing at her
Tended to make me more select,
And purge my soul of grosser matter.

And yet a fear assailed my mind
When I reviewed my purposed vows—
Whether a being so refined
Would make a good domestic spouse;
Would she, as fits a faithful wife
(The thought already made me thinner),
Count it her chief concern in life
To see that I enjoyed my dinner?

She whom (I guessed) a currant bun
Sufficed for hunger's faint appeals—
Would she respect, when we were one,
My prejudice for decent meals?
Anxious for some assuring sign
To clinch my hesitating passion,
I asked my angel out to dine
At London's first resort of fashion.

She came. She passed a final word
Upon the *bisque*, the *Mornay* sole,
The *poulet* (said she thought the bird
Showed at its best *en casserole*);
She found the *parfait* "quite first-rate,"
Summed up the *chef* as "rather handy,"
Knew the Lafitte for '88,
And twice encored a fine old brandy.

I own I felt an inward pain,
When she put off her seraph airs,
To find I had to entertain
An earthly angel unawares;
I merely asked her there to test
Her aptness for a wifely calling,
And never dreamed that she possessed
A special knowledge so appalling!

Frankly, she went a shade too far.
It was a shock—I feel it still—
To learn that what I deemed a star
Was just an ember off the grill!
Well, twenty years or so have gone,
And now I meet her (ah, the pity!),
A puffy matron serving on
The "New Amphitryon Club" Committee.

OWEN SEAMAN

